THE BYSTANDER
VOL. XLIV.—No. 573

£2,000

NOVEMBER 25, 1914

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THE BYSTANDER

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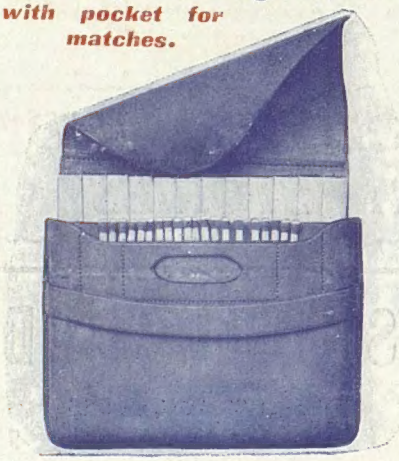

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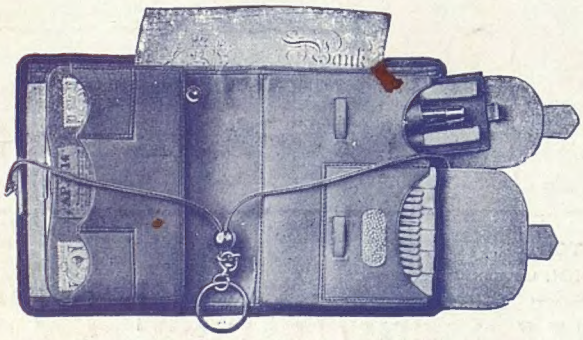

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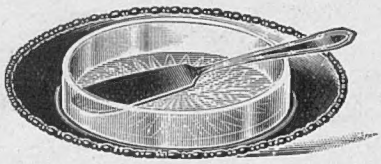

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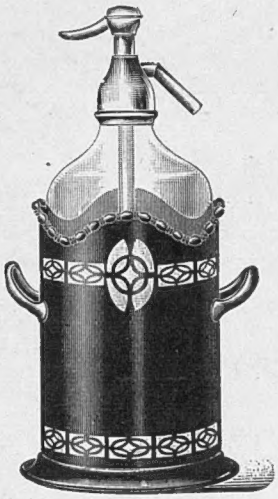

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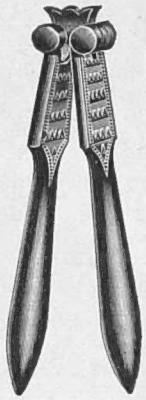

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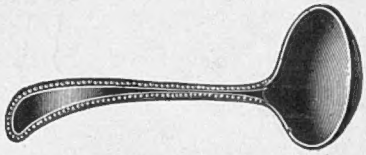

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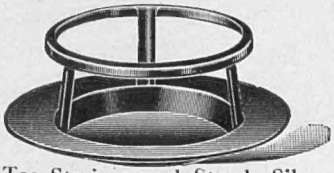

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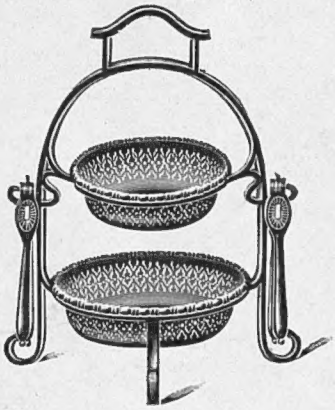

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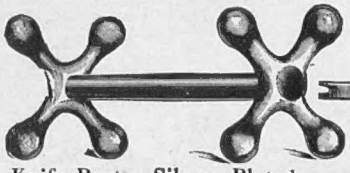

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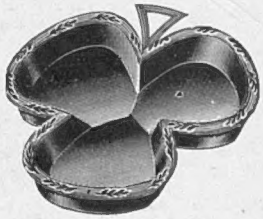

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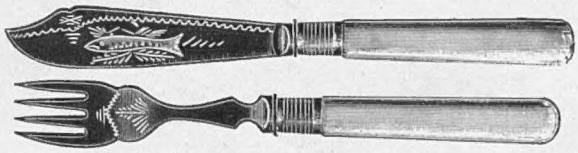

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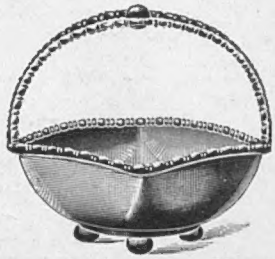

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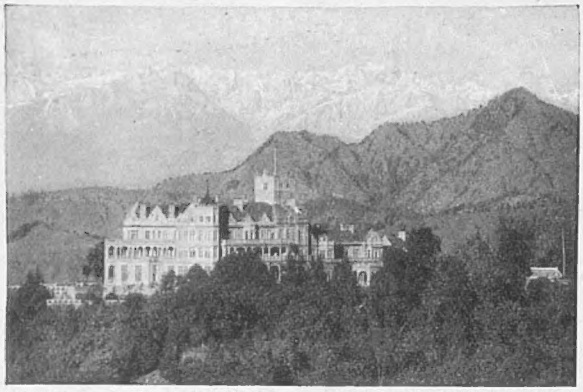

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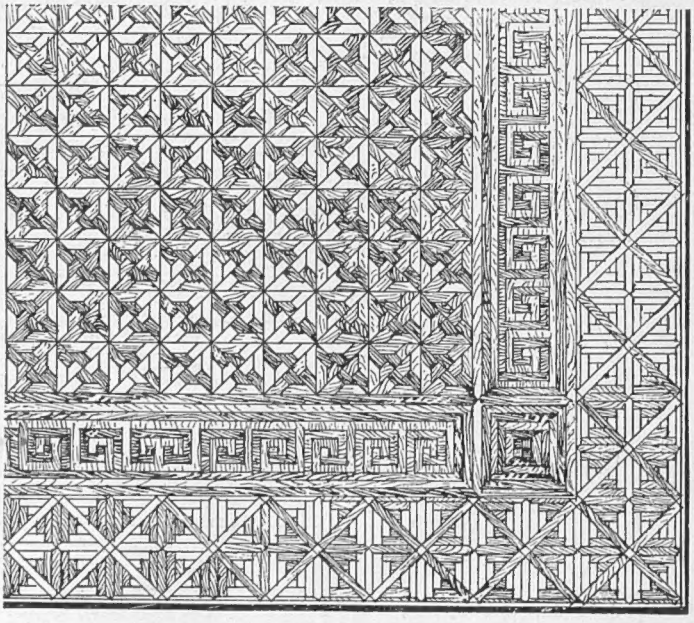

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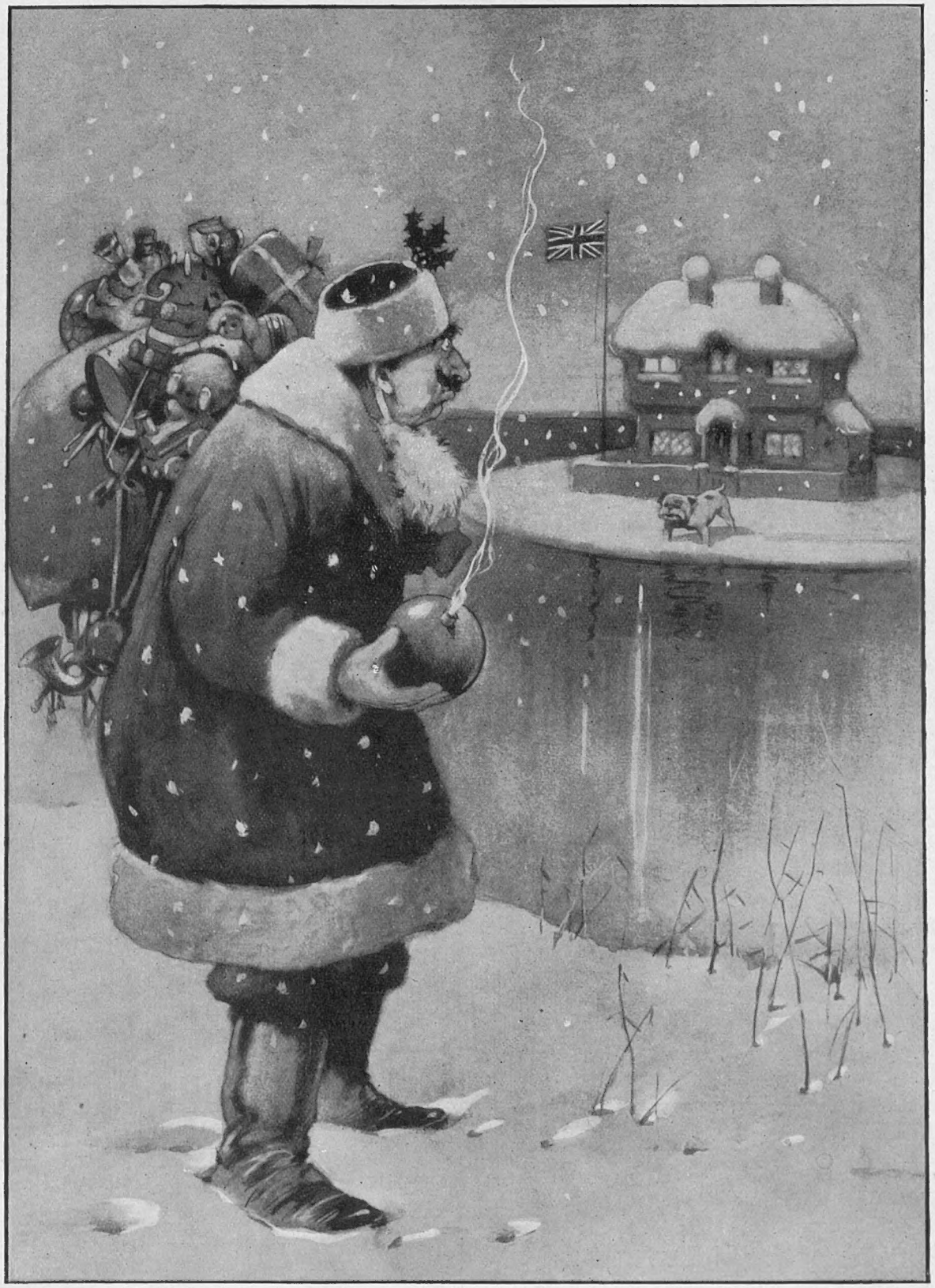
The BYSTANDER



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THE CHURCH ARMY WAR HOSPITAL

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With YOUR help, we want to give them a really HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* under 1lb. To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

"The Graphic" and its Extras

Undeterred by the depression of the season, *The Graphic* Christmas Number makes its appearance as usual, and bids fair to be as welcome as ever, if only for the fact that it is what it purports to be, and that any tendency to strike the war note too loudly, and so drown the softer notes of Yuletide, has been carefully avoided. The war, however, is the theme, not unnaturally, of the fine presentation plate entitled "The Great Sacrifice," which reminds us of the "blessed hope" which awaits the soldier who lays down his life for his comrade. In the number itself coloured illustrations predominate, and the excellent manner in which they have been reproduced is only one of many indications of the care which has been exercised in the preparation of the whole issue. The contributors, both pictorial and literary, to a most delectable shilling's-worth include Frank Dadd, C. E. Dodd, Wallis Mills, Hilda Cowham, Balliol Salmon, Blampied, Philip Gibbs, Margaret Chute, G. B. Lancaster, and Marjorie Picthall.

***

Among the "extra" publications which reflect the energy of *The Graphic* Office in war time *The First Stage of the Great War* (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.*), by A. Hilliard Atteridge, takes pride of place. Indeed, a better pictorial history of the war would be hard to find anywhere, for in addition to a carefully written, and not too voluminous, record of the course of events from the very outset, which is divided up into five chapters, the book is illustrated with nearly two hundred judiciously selected pictures, both in colour and in tone. Among these are one or two excellent reproductions of BYSTANDER drawings which help to enliven the book.

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Belgian Refugee Children

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Various Hostels all over the Country.

Eight hundred Toys are now being distributed and more will be acceptable.

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THE SECRETARY,
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"The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.

N.B.—Owing to early going to press acknowledgments of last week's contributions will be made in our next number.

Christmas Comments

WAR WAGED PEACEFULLY!

THIS is the season of peace and goodwill, so by your consent, gentle reader—if you are gentle this Christmas, which you probably aren't, it being war-time, and you being engaged in killing the hated enemy either with rifle, pen, or mouth, or training for the purpose of killing him next Spring—by your consent we will write peacefully and as good-willingly as circumstances permit.

—•••—

We hope for peace. So—this is strictly between ourselves—so do you: so do our King and his Ministers, and so do the foreign kings and heads of State and their Ministers, so does every man Jack, Jacques, Johann, Jan, or Ivan in Europe, whether he is at the front or at the back. Positively nobody wants this war to continue, however desirous some people were, a few months ago, that it should start.

—•••—

War has shown that it takes too much upon itself, and asks too high a price for services which it does not render. The people who started the war—we need not specify them in a Peace and Goodwill publication—have learned the horrible truth that war does not secure the results counted upon, that the God of Battles has a grim way of joining battle in the ranks of those who were not his followers, and of foiling the calculations of those who were.

—•••—

War is proved to be, as it is fought to-day, merely a callous, brutal, bloodthirsty old muddle, which Peace has sooner or later to be called in to clear up. At the moment of writing, I see reports that one of the parties to the conflict is already sending out hints to the effect that he will make peace, if the others like, on the basis of things as they were: he will cut the war as a loss. It is kind of him—but the loss is of some four millions or so of human lives, of tens of thousands of millions of pounds, to put it in moderate terms. If all war is able to accomplish for the nations is to leave the frontiers of Europe as they were, then war deserves to be cast out for ever.

Here I get up against a large number of moralists, who will say that if you remove the possibility of armed conflict, men will grow feeble and demoralised. There is something in this, and I have carefully anticipated the answer to it.

—•••—

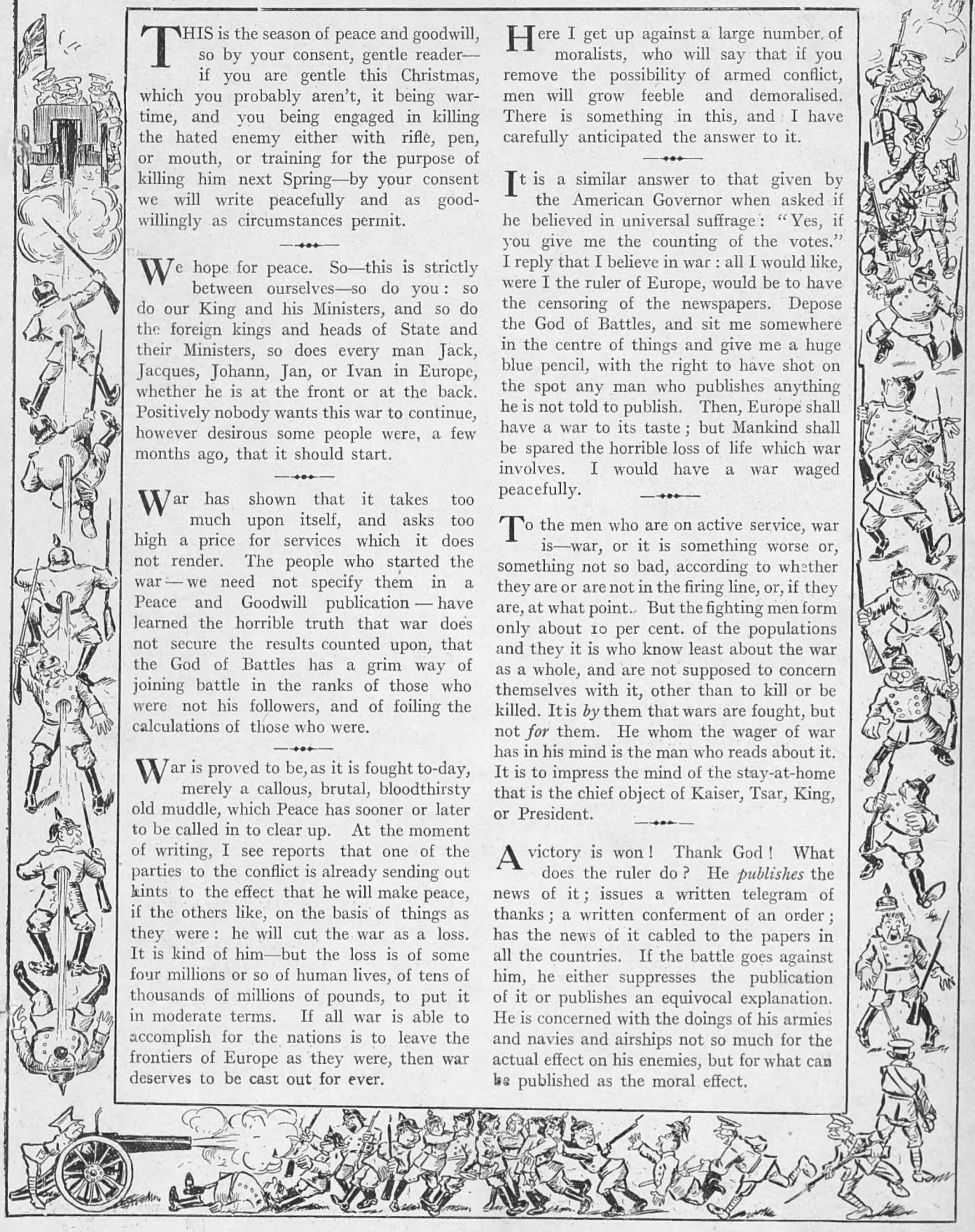
It is a similar answer to that given by the American Governor when asked if he believed in universal suffrage: "Yes, if you give me the counting of the votes." I reply that I believe in war: all I would like, were I the ruler of Europe, would be to have the censoring of the newspapers. Depose the God of Battles, and sit me somewhere in the centre of things and give me a huge blue pencil, with the right to have shot on the spot any man who publishes anything he is not told to publish. Then, Europe shall have a war to its taste; but Mankind shall be spared the horrible loss of life which war involves. I would have a war waged peacefully.

—•••—

To the men who are on active service, war is—war, or it is something worse or, something not so bad, according to whether they are or are not in the firing line, or, if they are, at what point. But the fighting men form only about 10 per cent. of the populations and they it is who know least about the war as a whole, and are not supposed to concern themselves with it, other than to kill or be killed. It is *by* them that wars are fought, but not *for* them. He whom the wager of war has in his mind is the man who reads about it. It is to impress the mind of the stay-at-home that is the chief object of Kaiser, Tsar, King, or President.

—•••—

A victory is won! Thank God! What does the ruler do? He *publishes* the news of it; issues a written telegram of thanks; a written conferment of an order; has the news of it cabled to the papers in all the countries. If the battle goes against him, he either suppresses the publication of it or publishes an equivocal explanation. He is concerned with the doings of his armies and navies and airships not so much for the actual effect on his enemies, but for what can be published as the moral effect.



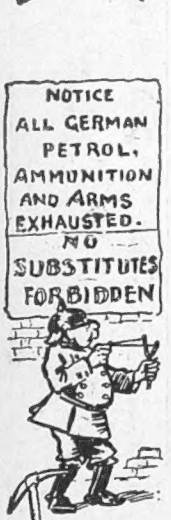
CHRISTMAS COMMENTS (continued)

"There," exclaims the Imperial Personage, receiving the news of—say—the fleet battle of Valparaiso, "that will make them sit up!" Make whom sit up? The enemy navy? Certainly not. He knows perfectly well that the enemy navy merely swears horrible oaths and vows to "get its own back." By "them" the Imperial personage means the people who are reading the papers in the enemy and neutral countries. War, in fact, is fought for the "gentle reader." My contention, this being the case, is that the rulers of Europe should secure the effect they desire with a greater economy of means.

When the war broke out, the first thought of all the nations was not how could they conserve the lives of their manhood, but how could they conserve their gold. The lives we were ready to chuck away by the million, the gold—oh, it was precious beyond words! Any boy of flesh and blood was "cannon fodder"; but a "yellow boy"—that was something to be guarded with reverence. In order to continue "business as usual" we issued paper money.

Now after this war there is going to be a sentiment on the part of men—and more particularly of women who breed and nurture and love men—which asks the rulers to regard human life, which is of Heaven, as at least as much in need of "hoarding" as is gold, which is supposed to appertain to the Other Place. If gold can be represented in terms of paper, why cannot also flesh and blood?

When diplomacy makes its next mess, and "national honour" demands a fresh appeal to force, why cannot the States fight their battles as traders do their business—with notes? Rulers are one and all humane men—with wives and families, cousins, nephews, friends—lovers of their homes and horses, and cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs, who would not, of their own free will, tread on a worm if they could possibly walk round it. At the same time, the rulers realise that to abolish war altogether may be to cause the demoralisation feared by the philosophers.



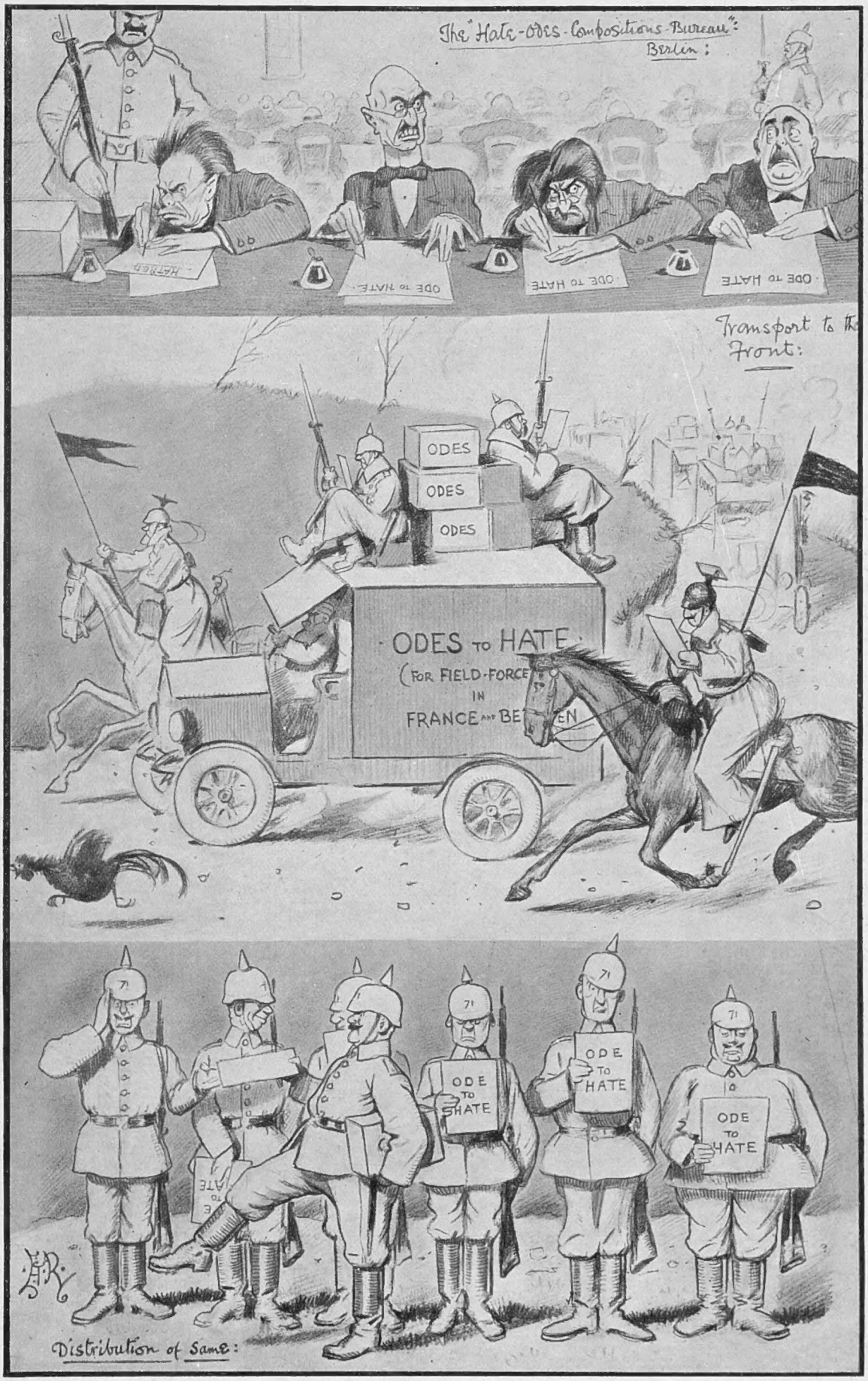
The solution of the dilemma is what I now propose to offer. Wars are, as I have suggested, fought by rulers who have their weather eye all the time on the man who reads the papers. Let me for a moment represent myself as this man. For four months a war has been fought for *me*—on paper. I saw the German armies (in the paper) sweep ruthlessly through Belgium and round into France; I saw them drive all before them to the gates of Paris; I saw the blow parried on the Marne; I saw the Germans driven back to the Aisne, and held like a vice there; I saw them outflanked and forced to fight on the Yser, with equally fruitless result. Across Europe I saw Russians drive Austrians out of Galicia; I saw Germans drive Russians back into Poland; and Russians drive Germans back into Prussia. I saw Austrians drive Serbs into Serbia and Serbs drive Austrians back into Austria. At sea, I saw Germans mine and torpedo British cruisers, and British ships sink German. I saw Taubes throw bombs on Paris, Rheims, Antwerp; I saw Allied airmen throw them on Ostend, Düsseldorf and Bruges.

The war has been fought for us, the newspaper readers. We have had alternate thrills of victory and defeat, we have seen lines of battle wobble from day to day, flags advance and retreat across maps, and it has all been very exciting.

Occasionally, our paper thrills have been varied by gasps of horror: our eyes have caught on the casualty list the name of a relative or friend. We have met others whose eyes have been similarly caught. In Parliament we have been told that the sum total of these lost or ruined lives runs into sixty or seventy thousand in Britain; a million in Germany, we do not know how many in Russia, France, Belgium, or Serbia. We have read that the war is going to tax our incomes almost to breaking point, and bring industry to practically a standstill.

Now the feelings of the man for whom wars are fought—the man who reads the papers—are clearly expressed. This war has been a great excitement; but why could not the rulers have provided it for us at a less price, or, better still, at no price at all? They could have let us *think* all these defeats and victories, advances and retreats, had taken place by the very simple process of using, for all it was worth, the Control of the Press.

Hate While You Wait



The Enemy, having had some little trouble in getting his men to show the needed violence in their attacks on the British, has had to enlist the aid of the Poet, and the production of Odes to Hate (of England) is now quite an important branch of Prussian military machinery

CHRISTMAS COMMENTS (*concluded*)

I have read since the war began about six newspapers a day; altogether I reckon to have read at the very least one mile of war "news" during these few months. Now of this "news," though it has all been exceedingly interesting and exciting, only about thirty feet all told has been *official*: that is to say, the *communiqués* issued by the Allied General Staffs have only occupied on an average about three inches of type per diem for a hundred and twenty days. The remainder of the mile—1,750 yards—has been unofficial news, passed by the Censor, but without his authority.

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For all I really know to the contrary, the whole 1,750 yards may have been utterly untrue. I have no means of proving it or disproving it. The newspapers have exercised during the war the power to deceive me, if they wished to do so, at the rate of, roughly, twenty feet of type a day. They could have represented, for all the power I had to contradict them, that Berlin had been blown up, the German fleet sunk, the Kaiser and his whole family assassinated. I had no power to disbelieve them. All that I was authorised to believe was three inches per diem of official news, and this—for all the power I had to contradict it—might have been just as mendacious as the unofficial.

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The newspapers, then, under the Press Censorship, have the power to represent the happenings of war exactly as it suits the heads of the States. We only know what we are told has happened, and in some European countries nothing is admitted to have happened that is not entirely glorious to the country itself. If the Government only chose to carry the Press Censorship to its logical conclusion, and on the breakdown of diplomacy to take entire control of the newspapers, it could represent a war to have happened which need not have happened at all.

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It could produce a war just as, a few years ago, everybody was producing a pageant. I saw accounts of these pageants, and unquestioningly assumed them actually to have taken place. I could be made to accept with the same credulity accounts of battles which need not have taken place at all. To help the process of make-believe soldiers could be marched through the streets, photographs of battle-scenes, ruined cities, processions of prisoners, could be arranged by the cinema companies, who are, like Habakkuk, *capable de tout*. Grim stories could be written up by "Eye Witness" of battles which had been fought only in the prearranged paper plans of the General Staff.

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The soldiers would be sworn to the same secrecy as to the battles which they were not fighting as they already are as to those which they do fight. They would merely have to keep their mouths a trifle more closely shut, and that ought not to be a difficult matter.

—•••—

If after the "war" they returned from the alleged battlefields any of them divulged the fact that the Battle of the Aisne had been quite bloodless, and that the names in the casualty lists were those of men of straw, the regiments cut to pieces those that had never existed, some of the people who had believed the war to be a genuine one might be inclined to complain.

—•••—

But I don't think there would be many such. Suppose, gentle reader—I hope I've got you gentle by this time—you and I were suddenly to be told by a soldier returned from the front that the Battles of the Aisne and Yser had been fought only in the papers, that all was well with everybody you knew, would you be seriously vexed? I think not. I think you would be pleased beyond words. You would doubtless wonder how the papers had managed to lie on so stupendous a scale, but your wonderment would only be a degree greater than it is already at the feats of mendacity accomplished in regard to the war that has been fought.

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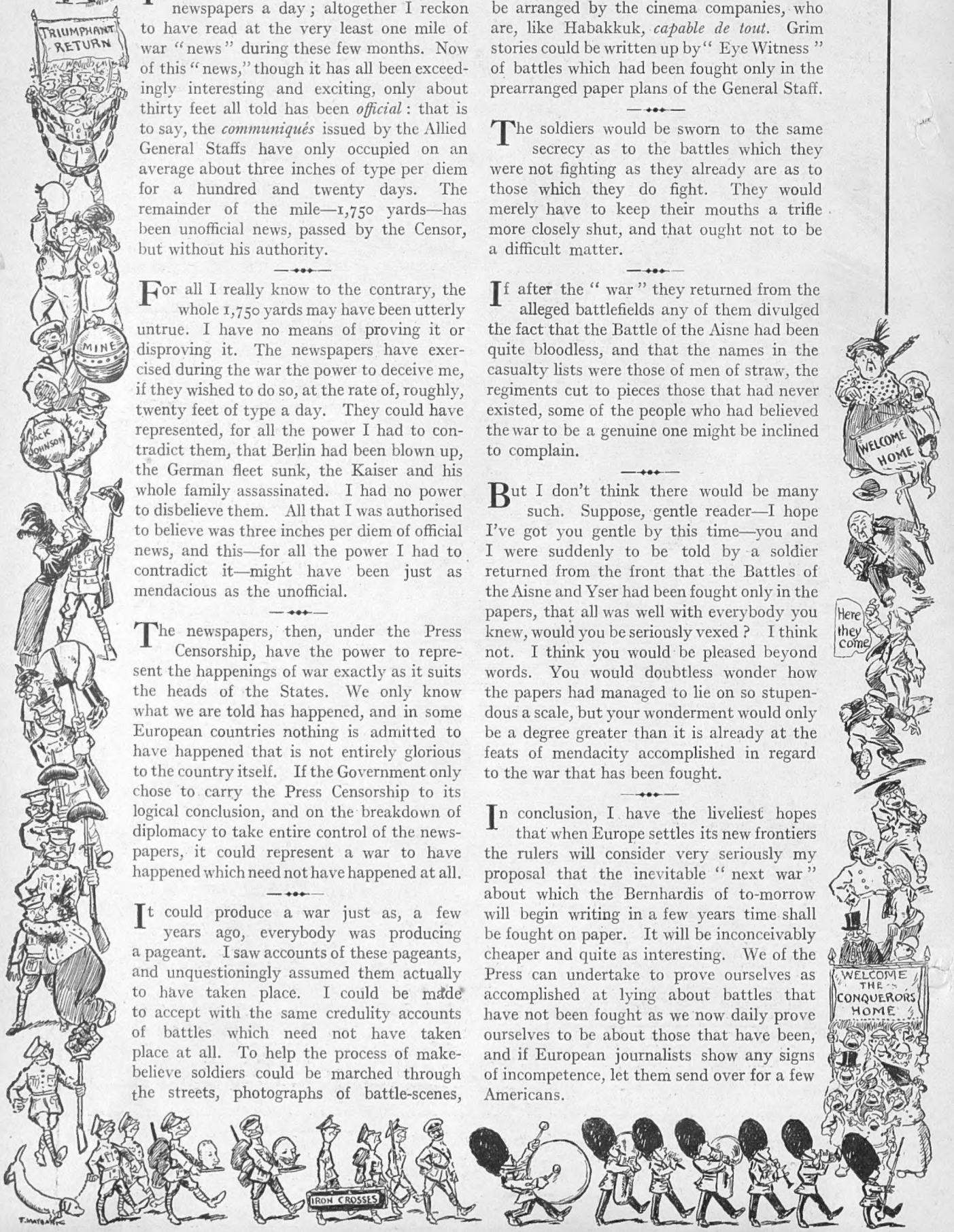
In conclusion, I have the liveliest hopes that when Europe settles its new frontiers the rulers will consider very seriously my proposal that the inevitable "next war" about which the Bernhardis of to-morrow will begin writing in a few years time shall be fought on paper. It will be inconceivably cheaper and quite as interesting. We of the Press can undertake to prove ourselves as accomplished at lying about battles that have not been fought as we now daily prove ourselves to be about those that have been, and if European journalists show any signs of incompetence, let them send over for a few Americans.



The New Illy

General Winter arrives to take charge of the Operations of all the forces in all the theatres of war

Our Vision as Usual

BY THE EDITOR

THEN, suddenly, we had a bright idea.

We *wouldn't* write a history of the war.

We got up and donned hat and coat and went out to lunch, leaving our table littered with blue, white, green, yellow, mauve, and purple books, also Bernhardi, von Bülow, Belloc, Treitschke, Nietszche, Beyerlein, Frobenius, Austin Harrison, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, the Kaiser, and William le Queux, to say nothing of files of the *Times*, the *Sporting Times*, *Punch*, the *Spectator*, and *Old Moore's Almanac*, and a number of other publications containing evidences of why, how, where, and when Europe was at war. We wouldn't write that history.

We would earn undying fame as the Man Who Didn't. We went out to lunch so hurriedly that we forgot to ask the youth who acts as temporary amanuensis while his colleagues are on active service to look in the usual diary to see whether there were any appointments to be kept that afternoon, and when we came back darkness had descended on the earth.

There was some surprise on the face of the youth on our return—that is to say, he fell down in a fit. When he was brought to he explained that as we had already been in our room for the last two hours, and had not stirred therefrom, he was a little taken aback to see us in duplicate, as it were.

"But we're not in our room," we said, sternly. "We're here, at the gate, alone."

"But excuse me, Sir, you are. You came in at two o'clock, and I've been here ever since *awaitin'* for you to come out so's I can get away to drill."

"We'll see about that," we said, proceeding to open the door of the room.

We had hardly done so when . . . there certainly was somebody seated at our desk, whose back view resembled what we believe to be our own.

"There y'are, Sir," said a voice behind. "I told you you was in, and there you are."

"It isn't we," we said, and gave the man at the desk a gentle tap on the head with *Germany and the Next War* (Edward Arnold: 2*s*.). He turned round, and revealed to us the face of a distracted man, whose eyes stared out from a blanched and furrowed face, which was certainly no face of ours.

"What are you doing here?" we said firmly, preparing to defend ourselves if attacked with *Jena or Sedan*, by Franz Beyerlein (Heinemann: 2*s*.).

"Doing here? Doing here?"

He swept the blue, white, yellow, etc., books before him, and rose in the chair.

"Who are you to ask me what I'm doing here? A scrap of paper, that's all. A breach of neutrality. England is lost unless she is saved. The Russians are in France—millions of them. The Germans cut off children's noses. Huns, that's what they are. Huns! Remember Louvain! We advanced a little on our right, and cut off their flanks at Cracow. Ha! Wait till the steam-roller moves. And what of Italy? Will she come in? If we can only hold on to the line of the Yser, they'll have to retreat to the Rhine. Bravo, the London Scottish! But we want more men. Spies, that's what they are—all spies! Everybody's a spy. You're a spy! And wait till the Zeppelin's come. Twenty-four inch guns on Calais Pier! Submarines! Mines! Jellicoe! Przemysl! Ypres! What of Egypt? And the Caucasus? Men, that's what we want, more men! Winston. Antwerp. Disgraceful. None of them ever handled a pop-gun. The *Emden?* But why! Look here, listen to me. Let me tell you quietly. This war—where's the map? This war——."

Our worst fears were realised. The fellow, whom we had thought stark, staring, raving mad, was getting sane. We executed a movement to the rear, and locked the door upon him.

"You say you mistook that maniac for me?" we said to the boy indignantly.

"Sure as I'm 'ere, Sir, when he came in, 'e was you to the life. Looks to me as if 'e's changed after reading them books and papers; gone dotty over 'em, that's what he's done!"

"But I've read them and I'm not dotty."

"Yes, Sir, but you 'avent read 'em all at once for the fust time. Perhaps 'e 'as. I've just 'ad an idea, Sir."

The lad opened his drawer and our diary.

"I thought so, Sir. 'Ere you are! 'Monday, November 23. Christmas Number goes to press. Interview with Christmas BYSTANDER, 1913, as last year.' That's the feller, Sir—you as you was this time last year only gone dotty over them books."

We remembered, of course! A regular visitor to us on the eve of going to press with our Christmas Number—quite a feature, in fact. We did an interview with him last year, the reader may remember.

So *that* was he—stark, staring mad as a result of discovering suddenly that Britain was at war, and trying to understand the reason why as explained to him by official and unofficial expositions.

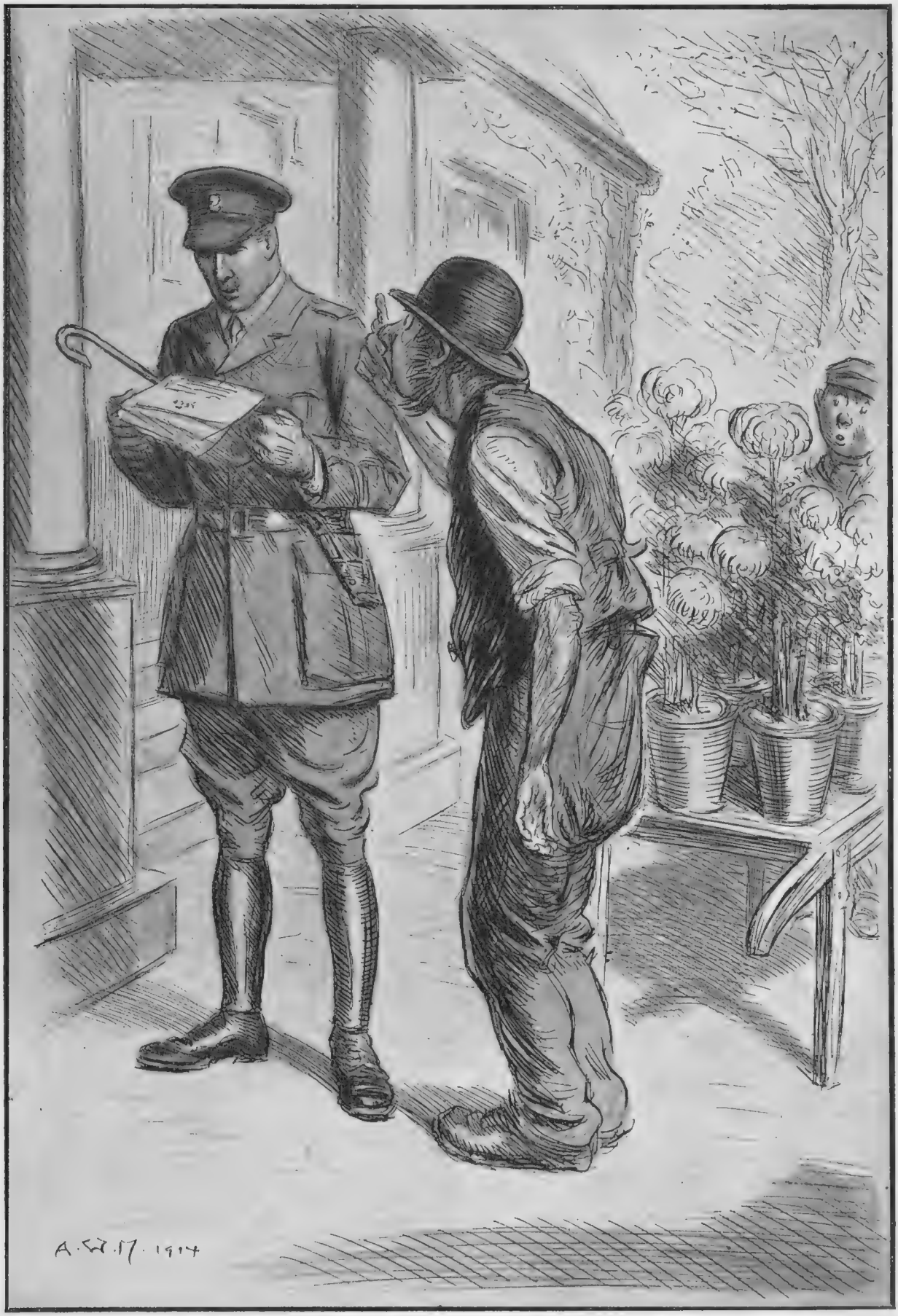
"Goin' in to finish yer chat with 'im, Sir?" queried our amanuensis with a smirk on his face.

"No," we said. "We fear he may at any moment recover his senses and begin to tell us his considered judgment on the situation. You can just leave him, Thomas. He's only a ghost, and—lucky devil!—he'll evaporate. You and we, Thomas, *won't*."

CHRISTMAS TOYS
FOR THE BELGIAN CHILDREN.

Full Particulars, with List of Subscribers, will be found on page 295.

"How Use Doth Breed a Habit in a Man"



GARDENER: "And wheer shall I put these 'ere chrysanthemums, Sir?"
MASTER (pre-occupied): "Oh, fall 'em in anywhere here, and dress 'em by the right"

Serb Gurkha British Tar Belgian Cossack Highlander

THE ALLIES: "Are we all here? Yes!

Tommy's Dream

AND THE CENSORED REALITY

HE thought he'd won a victory,
O'erwhelmed the Prussian might,
He ope'd the sheet and read it was
"Slight progress on our right."

He thought his regiment had stood
Like rocks against the tide
Of furious foes: but read there was
"No change on either side."

He thought the routing of the Pruss.
At (name suppressed) would rank
With Waterloo, but read 'twas but
An "incident at ——— (blank)"

V. C.

Does Germany Count?

BY OUR MILITARY EXPERT WHO CAN'T

[*With acknowledgments to Colonel Maude, of the* EVENING STANDARD, *and other cheery optimists*]

THE war cannot last. Let me sum up all the arguments I have used from the very beginning to show that Germany is on her last legs. The population of Germany at the beginning of the war was a fraction over 68,597,000, the majority being, of course, women. *Don't let us forget that.* The total *male* population of Germany above the seventeenth birthday is only 15,837,000. From this we must deduct the number of men over seventy-five years of age, for I assume that men above that age actually in the fighting line are a negligible quantity. This brings our total down to 12,421,000. At a low estimate the war has so far cost Germany in killed, wounded, and prisoners 3,147,000, which still further reduces the total effective strength to 9,374,000. But I am not nearly done yet. The Navy, the railways, the great works at Essen, the police, and postal services, etc., swallow up another 2,153,000 men of military age, leaving 7,221,000 to be accounted for. The sick, the maimed, the halt, and the blind account for 335,000 at the very least. Lunatics, criminals (other than those in the fighting line) and their necessary guardians I put at 42,000, and the ordinary death-rate for three months I calculate to be 85,142. Our total of effectives is now 6,858,858, but I have not nearly done yet. This war, as you may have noticed, is being fought on two fronts, which have been called for convenience the Western and Eastern areas. Germany is obliged from force of circumstances constantly to reinforce one or other of her armies in either area. This means that there are all the time enormous bodies of troops which spend their time shuttlecock fashion in the trains between the two frontiers. As factors in the war they are negligible, and I am erring on the safe side in estimating their numbers at 1,426,000. Troops garrisoning forts, guarding prisoners, and keeping the lines of communication open total at least 985,000, and those engaged in Red Cross work, telephone operators, field postmen, cooks, and the other non-combatants attached to a large army amount in the aggregate to 1,762,308, leaving for the firing line only 1,259,550. This would, apparently, allow for each area of the war a force of 629,770, but I have not yet

Frenchman British Tommy Jap Sikh British Imperial

And if we're all here, that's all right "—*Popular Song.*

done. Desertions, it is known, have been numerous, disease, too, has been rife, and from this total it will be safe to deduct 250,570. The personal staffs of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and other dignitaries, palace officials, secret service agents, censors, employés of the Wolff Bureau, and others must come off, and they cannot be less than 235,200, which makes a total of 144,000 on each front. Interned in Holland and Switzerland, through crossing the frontier by mistake, there are said to be 110,000 Germans, and 27,000, it is stated, have lost their way in the forests of the Ardennes. There are thus, roughly, 7,000 men on each frontier, and it will be seen that for Germany the situation is inconceivably dangerous. Why, it will be asked, then, do the Allies not advance? I propose to answer this in my next article.

[Yes; but not in this paper.—ED.]

Our Men of Leisure

[Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, in answer to Mr. F. N Charrington's request that he should join in the protest against professional football during the war, has telegraphed: *"I consider it undesirable that officers on active service should express opinions on matters of public controversy, but I appreciate the honour done me in asking for my co-operation."*—GLOBE.]

When you've nothing else to do,
Write to Jellicoe.
He'll be pleased to hear from you,
Write to Jellicoe.
Ask him if he thinks the State
Ought to close the pubs at eight,
Write at once, don't hesitate,
Write to Jellicoe.

When you're feeling in the mood,
Write to Kitchener.
His reply will do you good,
Write to Kitchener.
Ask him what he really thinks
Of Sunday golf upon the links
(Add that in *your* nose it stinks!)
Write to Kitchener.

If you have an idle night,
Drop a card to French.
He has heaps of time to write,
Send a line to French.
'Twill be nice to hear his views
On whether papers should refuse
To publish racing news.
Drop a card to French.

"Should the music-halls be shut?"
Write to Churchill.
You have heard he's busy? Tut!
Write to Churchill.
He's a man with *heaps* of leisure,
And he'll answer you with pleasure,
(And his autograph's a treasure),
Write to Churchill.

Are you on the telephone?
Then ring up Fisher.
He is often quite alone,
Is Jacky Fisher.
Two o'clock is, so they say,
Quite the best time in the day
(When they've cleared his lunch away)
To ring up Fisher.

W. H. B.

How to be Witty though Wounded

BY DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

MY friend, Gilbert Darlington, is saturated with military ardour. It would, indeed, be no easy task to find one in whom the spirit was so willing where the flesh, alas! was so weak. Bertie is a childlike sixty-two. He is one who lives in a perpetual dramatic dream in which he is ever the hero: the realities of life he flicks aside impatiently on his march to Castles of Worlds-Beyond.

As to the war, its implements, strategy, tactics; its maps, banners, and sounds; its language (he has all that by heart and makes strange use of it with platoon and squadrons, and enfilading); its manners and customs, these are all his to his finger tips.

Never was such a one for a spy, he scents them in harmless domestics, in street urchins, in any who wear spectacles and moustaches, he will spring questions on waiters born in Houndsditch which turn their hair white in the night, such as "In which part of Switzerland where you born?" He is a terror to hairdressers and barbers and managers of hotels and live-stock merchants. For these last he has, "Do you keep pigeons?" Pigeons! He has the feeling that all pigeons carry deadly secrets in quills under their innocent wings.

Of course he is a Special Constable; that goes without saying. And he has adopted a suit very near in colour to khaki, and a brown tie, and a swagger stick. He has the soul of a hero in the body of a bullfinch, and he has taken to saluting the flag wherever he sees it at no small inconvenience to himself and passers-by. He also salutes recruits, places of public interest, and walks bare-headed past Buckingham Palace in the most natural and charming way possible.

I cannot tell you of his tremendous accomplishments gained during the war, but the Morse code is among them, and how to semaphore, and a complete knowledge of the flags of all nations, and, this a great feat, a rough idea, sufficient for whistling purposes, of the Montenegrin and Japanese Anthems.

It is said, no doubt truthfully, that he has reported more suspicious cases than any other Special Constable, and it does not deter him in the least that not one of his suspicions had any foundation.

It is from Bertie that I get all the false news of the most thrilling order. He it was who found a man who swore he had seen St. Pancras Station piled high with caviar sandwiches ready for the Russian troops. He it is who brings me news of atrocities furnished, I believe, by his own mind somewhat excited over the present situation. He knows of German submarines lurking, or said to be lurking, in the Lake District. He knows exactly how many Zeppelins have already passed over London during dark and foggy nights, and it is he who hears spies shot in Bayswater. "Only the other morning, my dear boy, I quite distinctly heard a sharp order and then two volleys, what else could it mean?"

The other night before he went on his duty he was as happy as a sand-boy letting me into the complete secret of the German invasion only known to himself and a mysterious friend in High Places. When I was weary of this I hinted at the possible existence of an Under-Seas Tunnel, and gave him food for thought for his lonely vigil. He left me a cheerful, rotund little man, and returned dramatically at two o'clock in the morning broken and desolate.

I was peacefully asleep when I heard the bell ringing violently, and I thought for the moment that the house was on fire, and leapt from bed and hurried to the front door. There he stood. It was raining in no half-hearted way, and he was a sodden mess of wet clothing. There was also a suspicious moisture in his eyes. He brushed past me like one who has broken the bread of bitterness, entered the dining-room, and asked for a whiskey and soda.

"You must be awfully wet," I said; "let me get you some clothes." He waived the suggestion aside with: "Think of the trenches," and sank down in an armchair by the fire. No defeated Napoleon could have looked more disconsolate. Darlington, from whose balcony hung the flags of the Allies, all the Allies, Darlington was beaten.

The fire was not yet out, and I speedily mended it in a silence like the frozen silence of great snows.

"They betray their sacred trust," he said at last. "When England is in danger the police are asleep."

I ventured an attempt at humour by some sketchy allusion to a sleeping policeman, but he pushed me by, saying: "It is no laughing matter, my dear boy; I am wounded to the core. I had them in the hollow of my hand, the crown of capture was mine, and . . . they refused to act."

I had succeeded by this time in getting off his coat and waistcoat, and I therefore beheld a great deal of pink shirt giving off a good deal of steam as it dried on the pathetic figure of my friend, my friend who having no ploughshare might not turn it into a sword, but who having an umbrella had turned it into a constable's staff. Even his armlet lay, unheeded, on the carpet.

"I was posted in that very suspicious street I spoke to you of," said he, "and was, as usual, speaking the few German words I have learned aloud so that any spy or wrong-doer might mistake me for his compatriot and so give himself away. I observed the upper windows of a certain house on which I have kept a very strict watch for some nights past to be dimly lit from within. That alone might not seem so much to you but the fact that the name over the upper bell, the house being let in two compartments, is Courtney, added to my suspicions, Courtney being exactly the type of name a German would take to disguise his identity. I have had occasion—of course, I am speaking in strict confidence—to examine this particular house by daylight slightly disguised in a pair of tinted glasses, and I have assured myself that

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

The Nut's Dream

OF THE THINGS THAT MATTERED—YESTERDAY

it was an ideal position from which to signal or to direct the movements of troops. Mrs. Courtney gives herself out for a widow with one child, and she professes to earn her living by dressmaking. Alas! how many people take shelter under the profession of dressmaking. To continue—and I will have another whisky and soda and an apple if I may. . . . Thank you—I posted myself in a coign of vantage taking good shelter for reconnaissance. Now I come to what may seem to you the peculiar part of the affair just as it did to the scoffing idiot who is labelled sergeant, Heaven alone knows why, for a more, etc., etc. My eyes being directed upwards at and over the windows, I saw a sight that froze me to the very marrow. Taking advantage of cover and concealing myself where possible behind an evening newspaper I observed a curious appearance in the sky. At first I thought my fancy had woven round a piece of cloud some passing idea of what is continually in my mind. But NO! Slowly, as if hesitating, the AIRSHIP neared me, or, rather, neared the roof of the suspicious house. I looked at it closely, expecting every moment to hear the anti-aircraft guns ring out their salvo of deadly greeting. It had escaped unobserved. And why? As IT approached more closely I saw the deadly ingenuity of the idea—it was disguised as a sleigh drawn by fifteen reindeer!! The thought struck me at once—Santa Claus! German! The time Christmas! What were they doing? You who follow the struggle as closely as myself in its every phase will see at once. Trade, my dear boy. Trade carried on secretly and at night. They were. . . ." And he paused with dramatic intention. . . . "They were importing German toys into England by dead of night. Imagine the cleverness—the widow with one child, a girl, by the way, which is clever; the upper rooms prepared by a phethora, if that is the word, of Noah's arks, wooden soldiers, farms, villages, trains of wood. The significance suddenly came to me in a flash. What did the arks stand for but our ships, the soldiers but for our troops, the trains for transport, the farms and villages for our positions!!

"Cunningly the airship would descend, and any observer would take it for a harmless, but eccentric, visit of some parent devoted to air navigation to his child. Who would stop Santa Claus with his false beard and his reindeer from paying a nightly visit to London at this season? But . . . the widow, what does she do?

"Lor! Mrs. Brahn, wot's that 'orrible noise goin' on in your 'ouse?"
"Yer see, Mrs. Smiff, my 'usband's gran'farver was a German, and in case the perlice comes rahnd 'e's practisin' yödelin', so's 'e can pass for a Swiss"

"Day by day she learns the disposition of our armies by secret means, night by night the innocent child is made to place the toys in positions, of the significance of which she has no idea. And while the sentiment of our people allow this old-world idea to continue I, and I alone, have hit upon the fiendish plot. What happens? I tear from my post and run like any madman to find my sergeant, so-called Heaven alone knows why, for a more, etc., etc., and rousing him from his inspection of some trifling affair at the gas works on the beat I bid him hold himself in readiness. He listens in dull apathy to my story, and when a poor fellow found on the gasworks with a presumed bomb in his pocket has been arrested by the police and the Special Constable there—unimportant moment in the face of what I had seen—he listens with half an ear to my story, and then what does he do?"

Poor Darlington he was by this time a seething mass of pink shirt and passion. I pitied him, I really did.

"Do!" he cried, "do you know what he said? He said: 'It's all very well to try to be witty in times like these, but you'd better go back to your point; this business is serious.' That is all he said. And I—well, I will tell you I am wounded to the core. Witty! After what I had seen. And he had only got one German spy, as he thought, though it turned out to be a man on duty at the gasworks after all, while I—I had given him the chance of unearthing the greatest plot ever known. I say it in all modesty. Of course, when I got back to my point the upper window lights were out, and there was no sign of the airship. I resign to-morrow, though it breaks my heart to do so. But Providence guided you when you spoke to me this evening. That Under-Seas Tunnel! I have an idea of a certain place in —— where I know for a fact that a man of foreign appearance has a suspiciously large conservatory. What more likely, my dear boy, than to build a conservatory—gardening implements, etc.—over the mouth of the tunnel to give the men at work their air and light! I fear I have kept you up, but I, since this great war, have been sleeping on the mat outside my bedroom door, and so have forgotten the comforts of sleep. Good-night, dear boy; if you get a wire from me couched in these terms: 'Charlie ill but mother's spots have vanished,' you will know I have found something of importance."

Poor Darlington, yet rich Darlington. For such dreams nothing can be paid that is not coined by fairies and issued as goblin gold. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

The Very Limit

SPECIAL CONSTABLE: "Who'd have thought last Christmas Eve that I should spend this one guarding a bally reservoir"

The Only Place of Escape

After much suffering, Jones suddenly discovers that there is one place, anyway, where he is never likely to hear the song of the moment

Disillusionment

FATIGUE OFFICER: "Any complaints about the mess?"
NUTTISH RECRUIT: "Oh! No, thanks. Only I never thought they meant it so beastly literally"

After Kultur—Kul-Tourists

The scenes of Belgian devastation are already marked out by German tourists as ideal ones in which to spend the Christmas holidays

The Latin Quarter in War Time

BY A RECENT VISITOR TO PARIS

BACK again in Paris! Alas! What a difference—what worlds lie between the return this year and that of the preceding seasons. On almost every other occasion I have left the country with a heavy heart, the summer over, the long pleasant days gone, and for the first few weeks Paris has seemed a place empty of delight. This year of war it is the country that has seemed irksome, and I have longed to be in Paris in the midst of it all, to feel the pulse of the city, to fathom, as it were, its inmost thoughts. So as soon as it was possible—trains permitting—I shouldered my baggage, for porters and vehicles are a luxury dispensed with, and after a journey of twelve hours to do fifty miles I found myself in the capital.

The City of the Dead

My first impressions were indefinable. A great quiet reigned everywhere, no bustle, no noise, no motor-'buses, few people in the wide streets, the great Gare St. Lazare, generally so full of English tourists, empty! A Sabbath-like stillness lay over all. Even in the underground, which was fairly full, nobody spoke. All were intent on reading their afternoon papers without uttering any remarks; the train conductors who usually hustle one on and off the trains hardly found the voice to call out the names of the stations. All was still. One felt that here, indeed, was the echo of the war; that not many miles away, they, the countless hosts of French and English, were grimly holding the monsters back, fighting the ground inch by inch, and that Paris was looking on, holding her breath, stricken with awe, speechless with the fearful terror of it.

Le Peuple

I gazed on the faces of the people round me, this great *peuple* of France, and I saw there nothing but courage, high determination, and a certitude of victory. It seemed like a strange dream to me. Was this indeed Paris? Were these people the gay, light-hearted Parisians I had seen only a few months before? Had I really returned to the place where all good Americans are supposed to go to when they die?

As in former years, my first thoughts were for the Latin Quarter, the dear old Quarter where one may be as poor as one likes and as happy as one likes, where even the soured *concierge* looks upon one with a kindly smile, and English and Americans rub shoulders with Russian, Polish, Japanese, and Chinese artists and students, and the tired-out model finds a friendly smile and a word of comfort.

What Should I Find?

My mind began to ask endless questions. Were the funny little restaurants and cafés going to be open? Would there be anybody at the familiar tables? Would the boulevards be thronged with the old crowd, formerly a happy, thoughtless, laughing one?

The Answer

Ah, it was a very different Latin Quarter that I found, something that I had never seen before. A deadly stillness reigned everywhere. I searched in vain for a familiar face, a student, a model, a long-haired artist. But the streets were empty. I wandered slowly along the Boulevard Montparnasse, I glanced into Arnold Bennett's Dome Café, where in June I had seen many an absinthe consumed! Empty! Then across the street to the Rotonde—a long row of vacant chairs met my gaze. Across the corner of Raspail to the little restaurants beloved by Americans! By sliding close up against the windows I could peer in. Yes, here was a little life; several of the tables were occupied, but the faces were all strange—people who had remained in Paris, and who evidently were practising economy by eating in these small restaurants of the Quarter. In the last one into which I glanced my heart gave a bound. Some faces I knew—a little group of journalists who had stayed on in spite of it all. I questioned them eagerly, but they could not help me to find my Quarter of the old days; they were people far removed in thought from the "cubists," "futurists," "simultaneists," and all the other curiosities of the bygone days.

Bullier

Where were they all? The question kept hammering itself out in my brain. I must find them, some trace of them. They could not all have fled. Of the thousands who danced so lightheartedly, so joyously at Bullier's three times a week, some must be left. The men among them, many brave little soldiers, might have gone to the front, but the others remained. I passed along towards Bullier's; all was quiet! No lights and glittering music to attract one there. At the back entrance I discovered a soldier, half asleep. Bullier—the Bal-Bullier, the scene of so many gay irresponsible hours was transformed into a military depôt! Well, the world was, indeed, topsy-turvy!

Down the Boul Mich the same impression of utter stillness. I could only think of London on a Sunday. And then my thoughts wended again to the world of beings who had peopled these parts. I called at several houses to inquire for my friends. Invariably the same answer, "Gone." One disagreeable old *concierge* snapped out, "Oh, they left in the middle of the night without even telling me!"

What Remained

A few days later, after many fruitless efforts, I found one friend on the sixth floor—an English girl. She

The Real Explanation

"Oh, Mrs. Hawkins, we all think it so patriotic of your husband to enlist"

"Why, Lor' bless you, Miss, that ain't patriotism. 'Awkins is such a Nosey Parker, 'e can't keep 'is nose out of anything!"

gave me news of a few others; the men had, in most cases, volunteered and the women had gone away. The studios were all empty, the Academies closed, and those who did remain—well, as she said, one never saw them! My friend had heard there was lots of misery around the Quarter, but nobody seemed to be very definite, and then she added, "They are all very proud; they'll never ask for help." I shivered, and remembered the Polish boy who was found dead of cold and hunger in his studio last winter. They were a proud lot, these artists and models, it was difficult to do anything for them. As to buying their pictures—well, I fear there will be little of that for many a long day.

What I Found

Still I continued my search, feeling sure that somehow, somewhere I should tumble across some of them. And my patience was at last rewarded. A chance dinner with a friend brought the conversation round to the Quarter and its artists, and the old question rose to my lips. This time the answer was in the affirmative. Oh, yes, there were a good many of the artists still about, and all the nationalities had chummed in together — the belligerents excepted — artists and models alike, and a couple of *cantines* had been formed so that at least they could have a good meal.

Can I tell you my delight? Those will understand who love and have loved the Quarter, those who have lived in it, worked in it, laughed in it, cried in it, and felt their talent grow in it. For what great artist, painter, or sculptor of any nation but has found his or her way at sometime or other to this "Quarter," as all familiarly call it?

I could hardly wait for the next day to go and see it. And so, only a few nights ago, I caught a glimpse again of the old days before the war swept us all apart.

The Canteen and its Customers

The canteen is in the heart of the Quarter, in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, formed by three artists and their wives, one being the son-in-law of the celebrated Albert Besnard. The *ateliers* have been lent by their owners. Two long tables have been arranged, and at these every midday and evening some fifty artists and models eat. There are two services, the first is free and the second costs half a franc. The wives of the artists who have organised this canteen prepare and cook the meals themselves with an untiring energy and devotion. They are there at eight in the morning, and leave at ten at night. The menu consists of soup, vegetables, and fruit, with meat twice a week. The husbands of these ladies do the marketing, and the results are excellent. And I found many of my old Quarter friends thoroughly happy around the festive board. They seemed, though, to be somewhat impressed by the ceremony of dining and being served around a conventional table, instead of possibly camping on the floor in their own studios. They had thrown off a little of their Bohemian air. The models, in many cases charmingly pretty, had their hair neatly brushed and combed back, the long-haired Russians and one Albanese (!) had given themselves an extra wash, and all seemed perfectly content with their surroundings and each other. The Salon des Artistes Français is helping this brave little organisation along, and as many more artists are expected during the coming months another canteen will be formed. Such men as Flameng and Jean Paul Laurens have dined in the Studio and expressed enthusiastic approval, and all the winter these good souls who have come to give a helping hand and a cheery word to the poor of the Quarter will carry their work on. There will still be a "Quarter," not one of the Cafés and the Bal-Bullier, but still a Latin Quarter, where artists, students and models will spend a few happy hours, waiting for the old days to come back—the days that will bring us all together again to close up the ranks in which so many gaps have been made, to our Paris and her Quarter transformed into a finer, better, and nobler place.

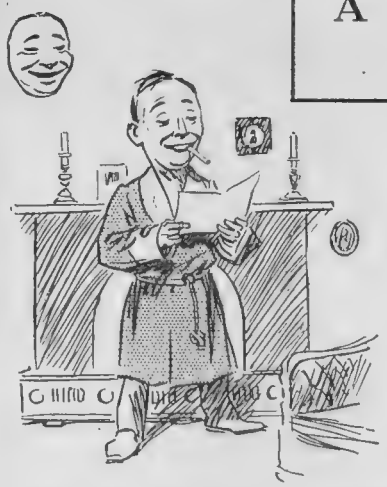
KATHLEEN ROSEO

"England Hath Need of Thee!"

DEPARTURE "FOR THE FRONT" OF THE ONE AND ONLY RECRUIT FROM OUR VILLAGE

The Correct Expression

A Day's War News and Opinions



Letter from Young Cousin (near the front)
"Cheer up old sport, we shall be in Berlin by Xmas"!

Morning Paper
"Our greatest danger is over-complacency"

Meet C. on the train.
"We are only playing into the enemy's hand by being gloomy & low-spirited"

Lunch with G.
"My dear fellow we dont grasp the terrible seriousness of this business"!

Meet K (up from the country)
"We cant help anyone by looking like a funeral"!

Evening Paper
"Although results so far are satisfactory it must not be forgotten that there are even more tremendous obstacles to be overcome."

Wife's Brother has 12 Hours' Leave
"My boy, there's not the slightest need to worry. When Kitchener gets us out there ....."

T. rings up to know if I've heard that French has been captured & our Navy all sunk & dont I think we ought to begin to take things seriously

The Best Solution

Thanks to the newspapers, our emotions from hour to hour are subject to the most violent fluctuations

"Sweet Charity"

OR WHY SHE WENT THERE

THE girl who had insisted her way into the presence of the very Editor himself of a great London newspaper had them all—youth, good looks, energy, personality, and a charming smile.

"Well, Miss Lane, and in what way can I be of service to you?"

"I want to be of service to *you*," she replied, smilingly. "Your Chocolates for the Nurses Fund—it's hanging fire. There ought to be branch offices all over the country. Let me open them for you."

"This fund is charity," warned the Editor.

"I know. I don't want payment. Only my out-of-pocket expenses. Railway fare, hotel bills, and so on. Now let me explain my scheme. It's based on getting everything for nothing."

That appealed to the Editor, and he listened with a favourable ear. This young girl was an organiser. (Organising genius, as you know, is an infinite capacity for getting other people to take pains.)

"Your idea certainly deserves a trial," was his decision. "Suppose you start with Manchester?"

"I think Blankness would be ever so much better," replied Sylvia briskly. Blankness was a great naval port much in the public eye in connection with the goings and comings of the Fleet.

The Editor nodded sagely. He had spent many years cultivating that nod. He pressed a buzzer, and his secretary appeared.

"'Phone to the Railway Clearing House for a first-class pass for Miss Lane," he ordered. "London to Blankness. One week."

And so Sylvia was launched. She knew nothing of Blankness except the name and its place on the map. She was unknown there. As a first step, she deposited her suit-case at a hotel and went exploring the main streets. There was bound to be a vacant shop somewhere. Must be. She found one, and made straight for the landlord.

"I want you to lend me your shop until you get a regular tenant," was her audacious request, delivered with a disarming smile. "It's for charity, of course—the *Daily Courier* Chocolate Fund—and I should make a point of mentioning in all our literature that you are lending your premises for the cause."

How could he refuse that combination of sweet charity, youth, good looks, and an adorable smile?

"Very well, until a tenant comes along," he agreed. "But you must settle for the rates and taxes."

Sylvia made straight for the rate-collector. It has to be recorded, *sub rosa*, that this borough official promised to turn a blind eye towards No. 67, George Street, Blankness, during the period of Sylvia's occupation.

Then to the offices of the two local newspapers, where she had herself copiously interviewed. "All the big people in Blankness," she told them, "are going to join my committee and work for the Fund." And she added with charming frankness: "I wish you would give me a list of the big people."

Nothing succeeds like big names. When the notabilities of Blankness had been secured one by one for the committee list, Sylvia went gunning for printers, bill-posters, window-ticket writers, typewriter firms, musicians, singers. It was a glorious round-up.

She travelled back to town and reported progress to the Editor.

"Most satisfactory! I congratulate you heartily. And now for Manchester," said the Editor.

"I think it would be much better," answered Sylvia, "if I were to return to Blankness."

"And why?"

"There's so much still to do. They need me there to keep things together. I smile to them all, you know."

"And how long do you propose to stay there?"

"A few weeks longer. Perhaps a month. It all depends."

The Editor nodded sagely.

A month later, Sylvia wrote to a friend:

"I've been having the time of my life at Blankness! Everybody is working like a slave for the Chocolate Fund, and we've collected £10,000 already. Isn't that splendid? Besides, Dick's destroyer has its home-port at Blankness. I've been seeing quite a lot of him. Our wedding is to be next week!" M.R.

"WROPT IN MYSTERY"

Arrival, at the front, of Germany's war equivalent of the Christmas Bogey—a bevy of big Siege Howitzers on specially constructed railway trucks

A BLACK OUTLOOK

BY WILL OWEN

The SEVEN AGES of the WARRIOR

Adapted from Shakespeare

(1) THE INFANT

"Every really patriotic infant is unfurling its flag to the breeze"

"AT first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," may apply to the bygone days of peace; but it is safe to state that to-day every really patriotic infant, every born warrior, is bottling up its mewls and its pukes and unfurling its flag to the breeze with bulldog nose and Kitchener calmness. In the uniform of the Special Pelisse, every babe will this day do his duty. There is a truce to militancy, a lull to high gales, and the forward movement of the first tooth corps will be borne in stoic silence. Hats off to young Albert French Nicholas Joffre Kitchener Brown!

(2) THE SCHOOL-BOY

"He may bitterly envy the uniform and the thrilling duty of the Boy Scout, but he will not whine"

"The whining school-boy, creeping like snail unwillingly to school," will no longer be whining. He may grumble, grouse, hang, blow, or condemn his pastors and masters for dragging him to the schoolroom, while others, more fortunate with influence in high places, are allowed to run messages of State from the War Office to the Catford Mounted Cyclists, from the Admiralty to the Putney Naval Brigade. He may bitterly envy the uniform and the thrilling duty of the Boy Scout, he may quite probably refuse to appear at school "with shining morning face," but he will not whine. He will eagerly learn the new table of measures: four regiments make one brigade; two brigades make one division; four divisions make one Army Corps; and twenty-five Army Corps make hell for the Prussians. He will regard "jography" as a ripping subject, and perhaps come to feel that they also serve who only stand and add.

"The lover, sighing like a furnace," will find an easier way to his mistress's heart than *viâ* the woeful ballad. The sword is now mightier than the pen. In tunic, puttees, and marching boots he will be quickly victorious in love; and the sweet sorrow of parting will be amply recompensed by the lady (let us hope) when the war is a nightmare past, and he returns to her lean, bronzed, and hungry for domesticity.

"The soldier, full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard," also needs some modern editing. He will neither beard himself like the pard (whatever style of "nut" that may be), nor fill himself with strange oaths. The home-made article, simple, primitive, uncomplex, suffices for the use of Tommy, Jock, or Pat. Abroad, we hear that, despite the terrible times he has been, and is, going through at the front, he has had some delightful experiences. The French have done all they can to lighten the burden of his load, and the village lasses have vied with each other in making much of him. Should that little be grudged him in view of what he marches on to face?

"The justice, fair round tummy with good capon lined, full of wise saws and modern instances," is, of course, enrolling himself as an Extra Special Constable, and enjoying the unique experience of getting up in the middle of the night to go on duty. Or else he is joining one of the numerous

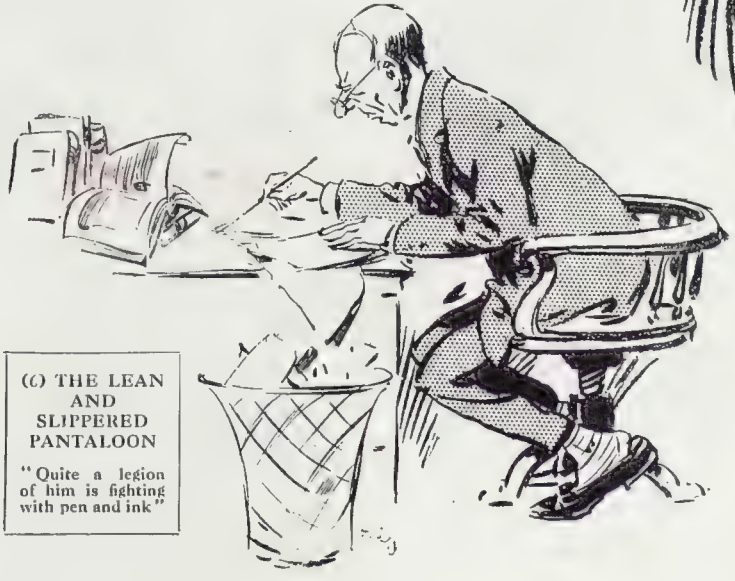
(3) THE LOVER

"The sweet sorrow of parting will be amply recompensed by the lady (let us hope) when the war is a nightmare past"

(4) THE SOLDIER

"The village lassies have vied with each other in making much of him"

training corps for men who have passed the military age and are learning to drill and shoot (in case he may be wanted some day), and is noting with satisfaction a daily decrease in his superfluous adipose tissue.



(6) THE LEAN AND SLIPPERED PANTALOON

"Quite a legion of him is fighting with pen and ink"

"The lean and slipper'd pantaloon, with spectacles on nose, his youthful hose a world too wide for his shrunk shank," has already made himself particularly busy. His duty, he feels, is to bombard the *Times* (and whomsoever will listen to his words) with complete and detailed advice as to what everybody ought to do. Quite a legion of him is fighting with pen and ink. When his letters are not printed, he pays for advertising space in the agony columns, expounding warlike policy. An armchair warrior, perhaps, yet earnest and sincere. Listen to him gently.

"Last scene of all is second childishness, *sans* teeth, *sans* taste, *sans* everything" but spirit. The old war-dog still glows. He can teach courage to his great-great-grandbabe. "Hark, the trumpet sounds! England hath need of thee, little one. Some day thy turn will come, and the faint memories of historic To-Day will make thee strong and fearless!"

MAX RITTENBERG

(5) THE JUSTICE

"—is of course enrolling himself as a special constable"

(7) SECOND CHILDISHNESS

"He can teach courage to his great-great-grandbabe"

HALF

TIME

BY G. E. STUDDY

The Kaiser's Christmas Brain-Wave

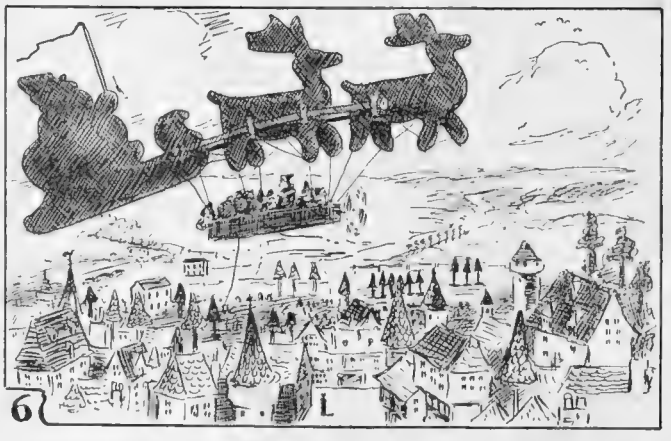
"Something must be done. I have an idea. Send for the spies"

"Listen, pigs! On Christmas Eve you are to go to London"

"Here are your disguises"

"You will each dress up as Santa Claus"

"Taking with you things that will look like toys"



The spies depart from Nürnberg in appropriately disguised Zeppelin

And begin their duties immediately on arrival in London

"Toys" are dropped into the stockings of high-born children

And How it was Brought to Nought

9

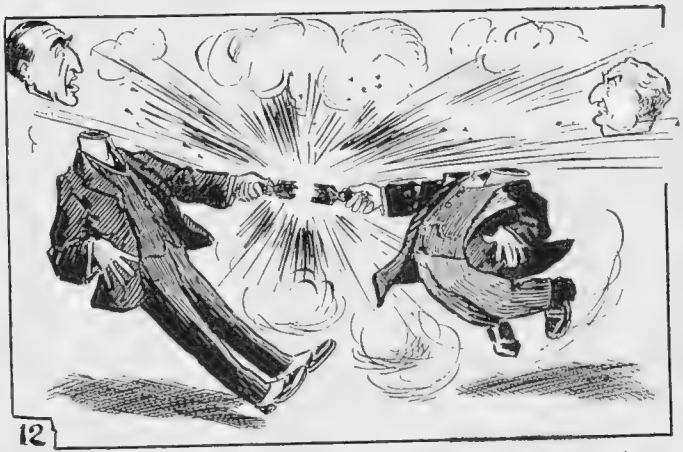
With this result on Christmas morning

10

The Prime Minister is visited in his bedroom

11

With this effect on next day's Christmas dinner



12

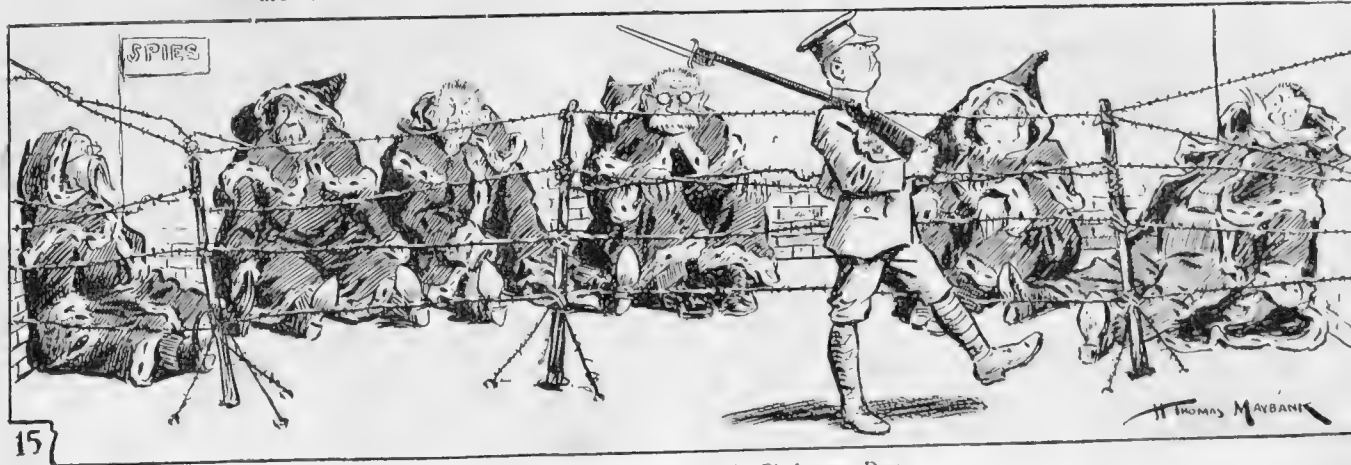
Sir E. Carson and Mr. Redmond pull one of the crackers left for them

13

In the afternoon the spies hold a little council of war, but they are overheard

14

With the result that they are detected and brought to justice before they have finished their deadly work



15

This is how they spent their Christmas Day

THE TOAST IS "BRITAIN." By FRED ROE, R.I.

Hung "on the line" in this year's Academy, the original painting by Fred Roe, R.I., of which the above is a colour-photographic representation, was one of the pictures of the year, and attracted a great deal of attention, no less by its artistic excellence, than by reason of the historic incident which it portrays.

The picture is of an episode in the life of probably the most beloved of our National Heroes and relates to a complimentary banquet at which Nelson was seated next to Benjamin West; he expressed admiration for the painter's "Death of General Wolfe," and asked West why he had painted no more such pictures. West replied that there were no more such subjects left, but that he feared Nelson's intrepidity would some day furnish him with an opportunity, which he would not lose; Nelson, thereupon, is said to have replied, "Then I hope I shall die in the next action." The subject is one which always makes a strong appeal to British sentiment—more particularly so at the present time—and the proprietors of WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap have, therefore, at very great expense, decided to issue a facsimile reproduction of the picture in colours, which is in every respect of the high standard fitting to the occasion and the subject.

The reproduction, mounted as it is on best plate paper, size 33in. x 27in., is a most handsome picture worthy to grace the walls of the most tasteful home; it will be sent FREE, securely packed, to users of WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap who send 24 outside wrappers from the 4d. tablets of the soap, together with 6d. to cover postage (inland) Foreign postage extra. Address "Britain," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark St., London, S.E.

A

STRIKING NEW NELSON PICTURE.

Particulars are given below of an offer of this splendid Picture, in large size, for framing,

FREE OF CHARGE.

Every reader should secure one.

The SCAREMONGER

A TALE OF THE WAR TIMES

By FORD MADOX HUEFFER

"HE ought to be hanged," the Lieutenant in command of the troops said. "You think that this collection of bungalows and bathing places is of no importance. And, of course, it isn't. But I tell you, old Blue Funk has done definite mischief. It isn't only that he frightens half the little girls in the village into fits by telling them that the enemy is going to land to-night and cut all their throats. And it isn't only that he spends every night on the beach in a rough-rider's uniform with three revolvers—which is as much as to say that my sentinels go to sleep. But I tell you, General, I have actually traced the rumour about the sinking of three battleships off Chatham to this ridiculous. . . ."

"Well, we won't hang him this afternoon," the Inspecting General said, "more particularly since I am dining with him this evening. But I admit that he ought not to have frightened your little Ina, and I don't see why you should not frighten him out of the place, if you can. Only it must be done officially, as a surprise attack, for my inspection. There must not be any warning your shore unit before the attack. Let's see how quickly the Squire and the scouts and the sentries can get them out. I'll sanction that."

The Squire of Bleakham—old Blue Funk, as he almost liked to be called—had been a member of an exceedingly opulent city firm, and had retired from business much too early for his soul's health to the marine village of Bleakham, whose lordship of the manor, along with the manor house, he had purchased about fifteen years before. Thus he was an indubitable squire, though few squires could have been less squire-like, since the whole of his time had been devoted to so serious a study of the works of Horace and the mediæval Latinists that he found never a minute, even, to devote to the study of the newspapers. Indeed he was accustomed to boast that, such was the dilettante elegance of his remote existence, not once in the last fifteen years had he perused the day's news. His appointments, his furniture, his electric lighting, his motors, his billiard-room, and his kitchen were, nevertheless, of the most modern and the most sought-after. His port was beyond praise.

Thus the General inspecting the district took pleasure in dining with the Squire when he was in the neighbourhood, and that evening there were at table Lord and Lady Treffries, the General, Sir Thomas Larne, the lung specialist, and a Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Squire made no secret of his terror—of his terror, personal, immediate, and frantic. The enemy, he was certain, would land in Bleakham, and in no other place than Bleakham, that night, the next night, or the night after next. They would come in one of the new, great submarines. A hundred cyclists would land, burning, executing, pillaging the neighbourhood during the hours of darkness; then they would disappear again into the black depths of the sea. And the first house that they would visit would be the manor house, because it was the residence of himself, old Blue Funk.

But, as old Lord Treffries amiably put it, "the White Terror" would have been the more fitting epithet, since sheer terror had rendered the Squire absolutely white. Ever since the first days of the hostilities the Squire's features had fallen away; colour had deserted them till they had the dull opacity of alabaster; his grey hair had, in the four months of war, grown absolutely white—paper-white. His mouth dragged over to one side; only his eyes had any sign of life. These even sparkled when he spread panic in the village. That night he was in a singular state of agitation.

At the opening of the war the papers had struck him with a wave of panic. You have to imagine how a daily paper of the first days of war must appear to a dilettante Latinist who had not looked at such a sheet for fifteen years. In the last fifteen years the papers have, you know, made much progress in the conveying of excitements. And the Squire had had to read them then. They had revenged themselves amply for his neglect of them.

Every bush, every barn, every bridge, concealed for him an armed spy; behind every cloud there was a dirigible bearing two tons of great, explosive, and poisonous projectiles. The words "national degeneration" were continually on his lips. When an old cruiser was sunk by a mine he would say: "There! We used to believe that we could trust the Navy. But even that faint hope deserts us!" And his most peculiar personal terror attached itself to the figure of his once most intimate friend, Professor Eitel-Scharnhorst, of the University of Berlin. Professor Scharnhorst was the brother of Heinrich von Scharnhorst-Fosterdingen, the redoubtable director of submarines of the enemy's navy—and Professor Eitel-Scharnhorst had been in Bleakham again and again as the guest of the Squire. Indeed, it would not be untrue to say that the Squire had learned to believe in the degeneracy of his countrymen from the Professor, whose department had been Latin-classical philology and whose contempt for British philologists had been notorious. It had come finally to an almost ensanguined row, early that summer, between the Professor and the Squire—over the proper punctuation of the ode "Planco Consule." For incautiously the Professor had let slip the fact that he had inwardly as great a contempt for the Latinity of the Squire as for that of the Squire's countrymen. And, since that date, the Squire had launched an exceedingly venomous pamphlet against the Professor's edition of the "Satyrikon" of Petronius. Immediately afterwards the war had broken out.

In the intervening four months the Squire had

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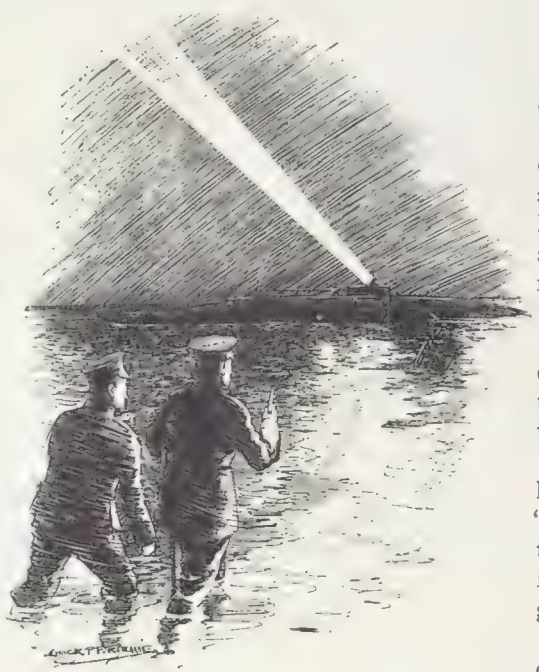
received only one communication from Professor Scharnhorst—and that was not of a nature to quiet his fears. It was written with all the almost incredible hatred for this country that distinguishes the Prussian professoriate; it gave fifteen scientific reasons for believing that the inhabitants of this country are physically, eugenically, and mentally degenerate; it demolished the Squire's objections to the Professor's notes upon the "Satyrikon," and it stated that the Professor had begged his brother, Heinrich von Scharnhorst-Fosterdingen, to pay particular submarine attention to the marine hamlet of Bleakham.

The General, eating his dinner in silence, for the most part listened more or less attentively to the Squire's description of the Scharnhorst letter, for the Squire went over it again and again, most of the time to an accompaniment of laughter. The laughter, indeed, was uncontrollable, and the Squire accepted it almost as a tribute—as if he were a Jeremiah, a true prophet of real disaster, preaching to degenerate fools and Society idiots. It appeared to the General that there might, after all, be something in the famous letter. Certainly the Squire knew something about the enemy's submarines—he had learned several things with accuracy and practical knowledge. No doubt the Professor, who was the brother of the director of submarines, had talked about his brother's activities. He might even have talked a little incautiously; boastful professors sometimes do talk incautiously in the midst of patriotic out-pourings. And suddenly the General asked:

"How often did the Professor stop with you? Every other year or so? Was he—now—interested in, say, fossils?"



"Suddenly, as he ran into the shallow sea, he shot the man behind the searchlight"

But the Professor had not been interested in fossils. He had liked to walk on the sands or sail about the shallows in a small boat, discussing the "Satyrikon." It had amused him to go shrimping. But even, the Squire said, if the Professor had been trying to get soundings of the sands off Bleakham they would now be useless. The great storm of September 29 had completely changed the lie of the large sand-banks off the end of Bleakham Bill. What knowledge he had of the position before would be harmful rather than of any use to a landing-party.

That, however, was the only crumb of comfort that the Squire could get into his conversation. Otherwise he was certain that the enemy would land on the Bill that night, or next night, or on the night after next. And he began to talk of the run of the mid-winter tides in the channel, and of the strong motives that the enemy would have for making a dash on Bleakham—it was only about nine miles from Dover. They could destroy an infinite number of telephone wires in half an hour; they could sack half a dozen country seats, including that of Lord Treffries; and, above all, they could hang the Squire, the enemy of Professor Scharnhorst.

It was one of those marvellously still, marvellously warm nights that sometimes visit the neighbourhoods of the Channel waters in mid-December, and, after dinner, most of the Squire's guests sat out on his sheltered verandah, watching the beams of the restless searchlights from Dover as they played upon loose flakes of cloud in a sky brilliant with stars. They had dined uncommonly well, and mostly were sleepily and comfortably silent. Once the General said:

"I should imagine that a lot of chaps landing out of a submarine would be pretty stupid for half an hour or so. I understand the interior air is pretty hellish with stinks, and if there were a hundred it would make it all the worse, wouldn't it?"

The Squire answered that only the most desperate, trained fellows would come.

"Still," the General said, "it would make a difference to their shooting, don't you think?" He was the only one of the guests who appeared to pay any deference to the opinion of the host.

"Oh, they'll shoot well enough to get me," the Squire said; "right through the forehead, they'll go. It's a consolation to think that they will not hang me."

There fell on that dark verandah a suspicion of discomfort; the man ought not to talk like that, and for quite two seconds there was a silence.

"Right through the forehead," the Squire said again. "I betrayed my country and this place by inviting that fellow here. It's my deserts to get shot, but not to be hanged."

There was great creaking of chairs; it was getting more than the guests could stand—the sorrowing and the heavy fatalism of the fellow's voice. They all left the verandah except the General and the Scholar of Trinity, who was stopping in the house. The General was waiting for the Squire, who went indoors to arm himself for the vigil that he passed each night on the shore at the end of the Bill. They were quite silent, both of them, until the Scholar said:

"That must be a large liner going down the Channel. Don't you hear the screw? It must be unusually close in." The thudding of a large vessel's screw was very plainly audible.

. . . . . .

The Lieutenant in command of the troops billetted in the empty bungalows of Bleakham had called half of them out, and had gone off towards the east. He had previously warned his little daughter Ina that she was not to be afraid if she heard firing. That would only be himself, making a surprise attack on the bungalows in order to demonstrate to the General that his men were prepared. Incidentally, they were going

(Continued on page 276)

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKIES

No. 4: Second Dickens Series *GABRIEL VARDEN DONS HIS UNIFORM* —"*Barnaby Rudge.*"

James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., with their subsidiary companies, hold the LARGEST STOCKS OF WHISKY maturing in Bond in Scotland, and are thus able to guarantee the continued excellence of their brands.

"RED SEAL"	"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" (An Extra Special Blend of Choice Old Whiskies,)	"BLACK & WHITE"
48/- per doz.	60/- per doz.	54/- per doz.

NOTE.—A beautiful reproduction in colours of the above picture will be sent to any customers and friends upon receipt of three stamps (to cover postage and packing) on application to the Head Offices, 26, Holborn, London, E.C.

(Continued from page 274)

to frighten or to laugh out of the place the unholy blighter who had given his little Ina such a scare the night before by saying that the enemy were going to land and burn the bungalows and cut her throat. He would, he said, get right out on the sands at low tide, fire a volley of blank cartridge, shout commands in German, rouse all the other troops in a hurry, and, if possible, take the Squire prisoner in the midst of ten or twenty of his men who spoke German or something like it—for many of them were chemists's assistants or city clerks with a smattering of language. Ina was not to mind however much firing she heard; it would only be her father having some fun. . . .

The resulting ten minutes—for it did not take more—was a most unholy mix up. The Lieutenant—he is now senior Captain of the Mid-Kent 57th Cyclist Corps—says that, cycling gently along in the dark, at the very edge of the low-tide, about a quarter of a mile from the beach, he actually ran, at right angles, into the cycle of another man, who cursed him vigorously for a clumsy fool, in German. He had impressed on his own men the absolute necessity for silence, so that the men behind him halted themselves with the merest whispers. Then he dimly made out, to seawards, a black and, as it were, a domed blot. From its top rim, in the merest glimmer of light thrown from below, he perceived to emerge against the stars, four bicycles, twisting slowly round, and painted everywhere a dull grey. Then he had a sense that there were other men walking about and whispering, in the sea itself. He had not the least idea what he did after that—or no clear idea. It was, he said, a most fearful jam up of fists, gun-barrels, bicycles getting between your legs, whispers going into shouts. He got landed fearfully hard with something on the side of the jaw. A long light came out of the top of the black dome; there came into existence in the light the absurd thatches and cupolas of the bungalows of Bleakham, the figure of the Squire in a black rough-rider uniform, the figure of a man in khaki beside him. It struck him as being like an absurd cinematograph effect. There was a figure dimly visible behind the searchlight, crouching down.

A voice said in his ear:

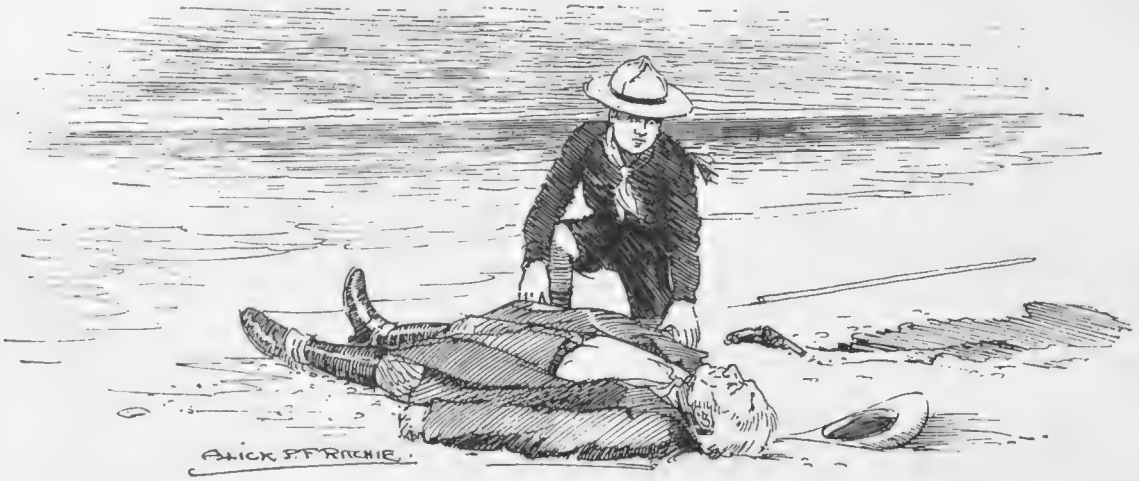
"There's a ladder up the side, sir. We could get up and pot into the inside if your revolver's loaded. The men have only got blank cartridge."

Suddenly, as he ran into the shallow sea, he shot the man behind the searchlight. That was how it presented itself to him in after years. What he saw at the moment was that the long beam travelled swiftly up the sands, lit for the last moment the roofs of the bungalows, and then, as if contentedly, illuminated the road to the North Star. The man he had shot must have fallen on to a lever. The last illuminated object that he saw by its light was an imp-like Boy Scout with a puff of smoke at his feet, high up the beach. And there was a report like that of two fifteen point sevens. The Boy Scout had fired a maroon. A revolver began to crackle from the sands; a bugle called with the hurry of panic from among the bungalows. Then he was being guided up to the foot of an iron ladder by a man with a cool voice. Jenks was the owner of that voice—Staff-Sergeant Jenks, lately of the Coldstreams.

It was obviously Jenks who got the commander of the U 174, who was just coming out of the hatch, with the butt of a rifle he had snatched from somebody. But the Lieutenant in command was anxious to impress upon you, when he talked about the matter, that there was not any plan, or any heroism either, though that may have been only his modesty. He and the sergeant sat on the lid, as he called it, of the submarine whilst, in and about the surrounding sea, ninety-eight men of the Mid-Kent Cyclist Corps used fists and rifle-butts on forty-two surprised men from East Prussia who were falling over bicycles. But the cyclists captured that submarine with its crew and the fifty-eight men who had not yet emerged, and the newspapers could comment *ad libitum* on a contest between a whale and foxes, or on the ineffectuality of submarines considered as naval units when directed against bungalows. The casualties of the Mid-Kents amounted to three men wounded, and they were wounded by the revolver of the Squire who had advanced alone against the submarine, firing twelve shots from two revolvers. He was found by a Boy Scout at the edge of the tide next morning, with a nasty hole in the middle of his alabaster forehead. He had turned the last shot against himself.

In a letter accompanying his testamentary dispositions, which were complicated and very arbitrary, he expressed the hope that, owing to his having written a pamphlet confuting the views of Professor Eitel-Scharnhorst on the subject of Petronius Arbiter, and by his exertions in the cause of averting national degeneracy, he might be said to have deserved well of his country. No doubt he had, if you think it out.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER



"He was found by a Boy Scout at the edge of the tide next morning"

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"Say, have you Heard— ?"

WAR RUMOURS AND HOW THEY ARISE

A Chance for the Professors

When in the fulness of time our most learned professors begin to produce their historical studies of the Great War, they will, if they are wise, bestow a chapter or two upon a subject which until to-day has, perhaps, not come in for its proper share of scientific consideration. Rumour has been called many names, and it is of peculiar significance in times of war; but the rules governing its appearance and movements have not, it would seem, been tabulated very fully. Yet there must be rules and regulations and one or two immediately suggest themselves.

How Rumours Arise

Now, although some people may be inclined to doubt it, it is really necessary for a Rumour to possess some sort of source. This may be hydra-headed and, consequently, difficult of discovery, but it must exist. (Possibly the professors will make a point of applying themselves to this question.) And you will generally find that a Rumour, no matter of what kind, will arise and flourish from one of four reasons. In the first place, of course, its existence may be of material use to one of the combatants: it can have a very real strategic value. At the beginning of the war, you remember, one heard on every side that three or four of our regiments had been annihilated — long before a single British soldier, as it turned out, had been in action. The names of the unfortunate regiments were actually given, and as the days passed additional details, all more or less lurid, were obtainable. The Black Watch Rumour, as it may be called, introduced us to the new state of things. Of its German origin there can be no doubt. It was to Germany's advantage, or so she considered, that we should believe in serious defeats at the start; hence those very circumstantial stories which the authorities did not contradict. And many other evil Rumours have arisen in much the same way. You see, there is always the chance that they may be true.

Futile attempt of an alien-looking Cubist to convince Tommy Atkins of the innocence of his artistic intentions

The "Man Who Knows"

In the second place, the successful launching of a Rumour is easy of accomplishment and can afford a satisfying sap to one's vanity. "I can tell you in confidence," you hear a man saying, and just because everything is strange now, and it is difficult to know just what individuals are in a position of authority, you tend to believe that he is really behind the scenes. Whereas, of course, he is generally at the mercy of his vanity. He wants to impress you. "I can tell *you*," he begins, and the thing is done. We are all very human.

The Desire to Believe

In the third place, a Rumour may move forward with the speed of an express train because from the beginning of time man has found it easy to believe what he wants to believe, and you cannot argue satisfactorily against an expression of faith. Take, for instance, that Russian Army in England Rumour—probably the most amazing Rumour in the whole history of the world. At this moment there are hundreds of honest, respectable, and worthy citizens who, in their own view, possess the most definite reasons for believing that two hundred thousand or more Russian soldiers passed through Scotland and England on their way to France. (I say nothing about the lesser number of citizens who know other citizens who (1) gave cigarettes and were thanked in Russian, who (2) owned transports which had been hurriedly sent to Archangel, and who (3) saw snow in the railway carriages, although it was still August.) Now here you have a Rumour which every patriotic Britisher *wanted* to believe. It suggested in a vague way the omnipotence of the British Government, and the mystery attached to the whole business was additionally alluring. Yet nobody, so far as I know, ventured at the time to give publicity to the quite ordinary explanation which holds good to-day. It is just the same with that dear old Baconian affair. How much more exciting it would be if Bacon really had written the Shakespeare plays! And how dull, in comparison, are the quite satisfactory explanations by scholars of such little peculiarities as have led to the Baconian theory!

The Necessity for News

Finally, there is the question of news. The absence of news hits the Englishman hard, and if real news is lacking, something else must take its place. Rumour steps comfortably into the breech. Only yesterday I heard that the ten-year-old story about De Wet's identity with Parnell had received a new lease of life. This should surely make up a good paragraph or two. And good paragraphs are at a premium to-day.

R. S.

Recruiting, like Johnnie Walker, is still going strong.

JOHNNIE WALKER WAR CARTOON No. 4.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

* * *

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

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Some Suitable Christmas Gifts

IF you're sending the Kaiser a present at all,
Don't send, or you'll drive the chap balmy,
More samples of what it has pleased him to call
Our small and contemptible army.

The Crown Prince is not such a difficult man
To please; what he wants most en route
Is a fairly commodious furniture-van
For the easy removal of loot.

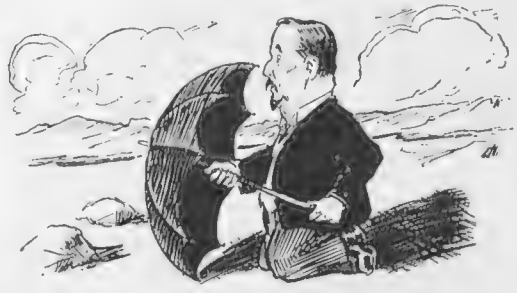
Lord Kitchener always so silent and grim,
Will smile from his head to his boots,
If only you'll get as a present for him
Another half-million recruits.

To Mr. McKenna, who looks with a smile
At things through a rose-coloured eye-glass,
It might (or might not) be worth somebody's while
To give, say, a powerful "Spy"-glass.

At Xmas our sailors will all be at sea,
They've no country houses to stop at;
But oh! how contented and happy they'd be
With a few German warships to pop at!

We must to King Albert that gallant brave man
Restore (for our honour it touches)
His poor ruined country, as soon as we can
Get it back out of Germany's clutches.

If you're thinking of presents for Botha you might
An umbrella or mackintosh get,
For it's quite on the cards that he'll go out one night
With a good chance of getting De Wet.



(Continued on page 282)

Shoolbred's

Blouse and Shirt Department

627.
Smart Silk Shirt with wide stripe on white ground. Roll collar and "Coat" Revers. In White with Sky, Pink, Saxe, Purple, Gold, Grey, Navy or Black Stripes **12/9**

D49
Shirt in rich quality Moiré Silk, smartly cut yoke with slight fullness. Roll collar, high at back small "v" in front, finished with a tie and metal ornament. In Saxe, Navy, Purple, Grey, Mole, Ivory, and Black **25/9**
Outsize **27/6.**

D48
Tartan Silk Shirt, heavy quality, Raglan sleeves, smart turn-over collar with revers, finished with Black Braid Buttons. Made in a large variety of Tartans. Can also be had in Navy-and-White or Black-and-White stripes **19/6**
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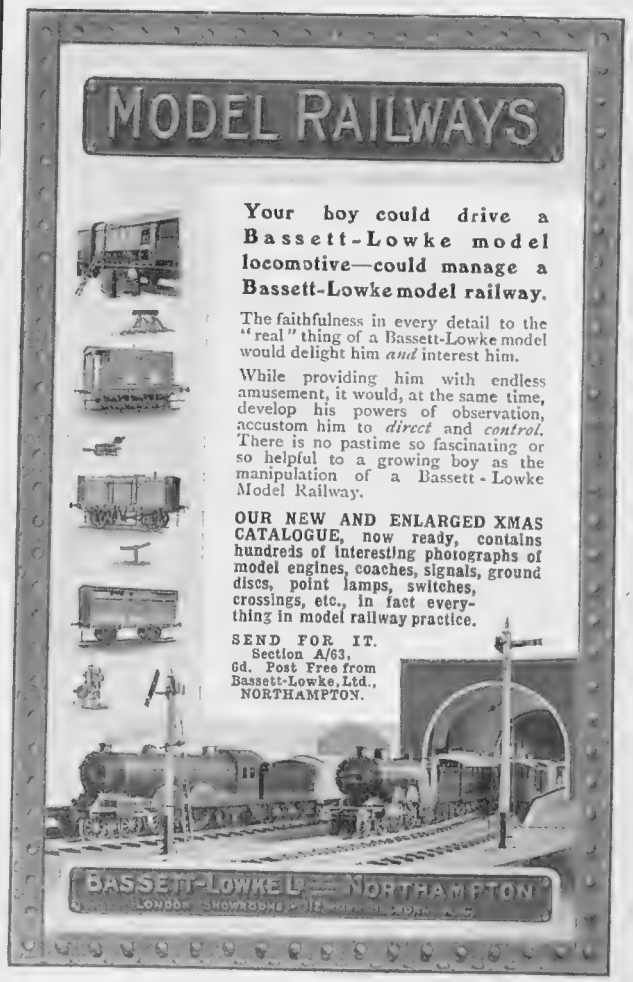
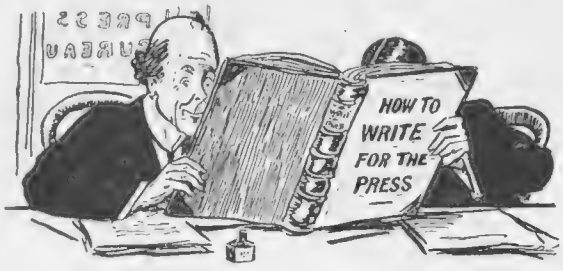


Though the chief of the "Emden," now happily sunk,
Has caused us a good many losses,
The prisoner bold should be given a trunk
In which he can pack all his Crosses.



To think of a gift for the "Press Bureau"-crats
Is as easy as winking, I guess,
There is one little book they need badly and that's
The book, "How to Write for the Press."

For our soldiers who're fighting the fight of their lives
In driving the Huns out of Flanders,
Here's a tip to their sisters, their sweethearts and wives,
"Send them dozens of Xmas 'Bystanders.'"
[ADVT.]

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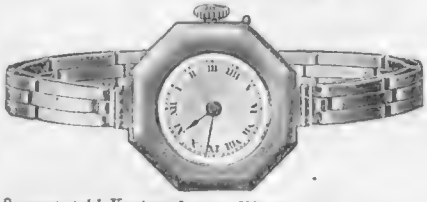

9 carat gold Keyless Lever Watch, fully jewelled, Mounted on 9 carat gold English-made expanding Bracelet, £5 15 0

Carved Crystal Pendant set with Diamonds and Pearl Centre, Platinum Neckchain, £11 0 0

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Illustrated are examples from the Jewel Section. They are typical of the unusual values obtaining. To those unable to visit the Showrooms a fully illustrated list will be posted free, or selections can be sent on approval carriage paid.

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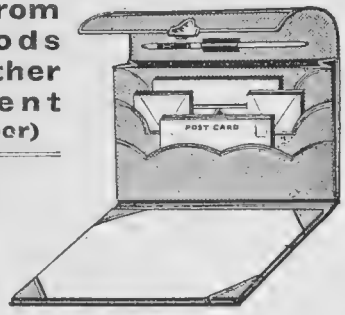

F.F. 104. A convenient portfolio and blotter in Roan leather. Quarto size, **9/9**; Octavo size, **6/6**

F.F. 1653. A smart and useful Ladies' bag of black Moiré Silk **12/9**

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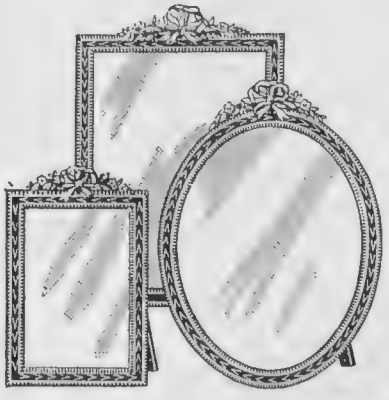

F.F. 2529. Best Gilt Bronze Photo Frames, with velvet backs. Oval or square shape.
10 x 8 in. .. **17/9**
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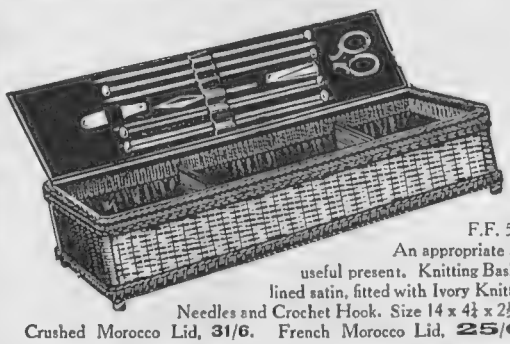

F.F. 550. An appropriate and useful present. Knitting Basket, lined satin, fitted with Ivory Knitting Needles and Crochet Hook. Size 14 x 4½ x 2½ in. Crushed Morocco Lid, **31/6**. French Morocco Lid, **25/6**.

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Ladies' Best Silk Umbrellas, 9 ct. gold-mounted partridge cane handles, also a variety of other mounts in tortoiseshell, finely-carved horn, silver, galalith, etc. Each 21/6

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"'Ush, Sir, we calls 'em Petrograd patties now, Sir!"

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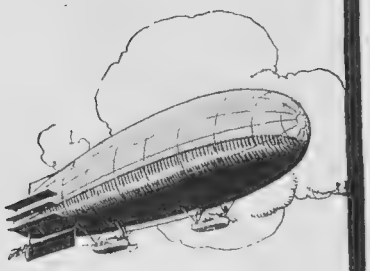

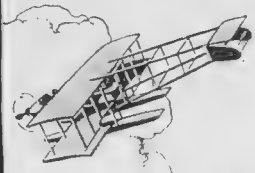

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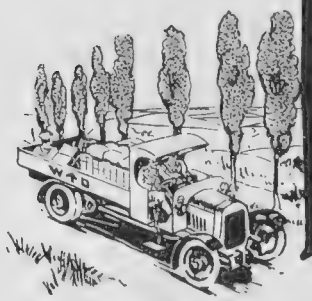

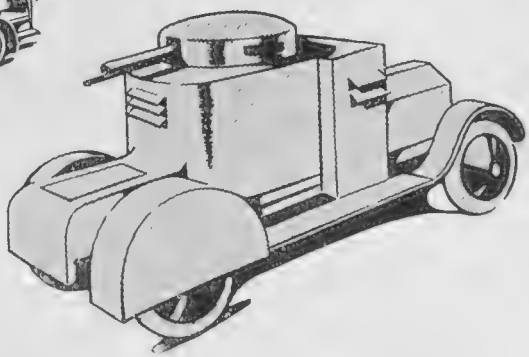

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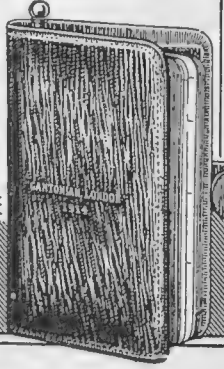


The Well-known Red Diary supplied free to D. M. Gant's clients.

Business as usual during Winter Season

G

THE SIGN of STABILITY

A German Canada!

THE RAISON D'ÊTRE OF THE DERNBURG GANG IN NEW YORK

BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

THERE was, indeed, a stir in New York when the news arrived of the German naval victory off Chili. The properly informed American—(all are well-informed, but a great number have no sense of proportion about this war)—recognised at once that this incident could have no effect upon the final issue, but instantly turned his eyes towards Canada. Would the victory-glutted Germans steam north and bombard Canadian coast-towns?

They would or they wouldn't. If they did, demanded the visiting Englander, would the United States invoke the Monroe Doctrine? The New Yorkers hesitated. They would certainly protest to Berlin. And if Berlin ignored their protest, continued the Englander, would the United States declare war against Germany? One New Yorker said that he supposed it would be inevitable, but his view was instantly repudiated by many others. War inevitable? Humbug! The English visitor had certainly propounded a problem, but that war should come to their gates, war and further dislocation of business! No! The New York business man guessed he knew his Woodrow Wilson.

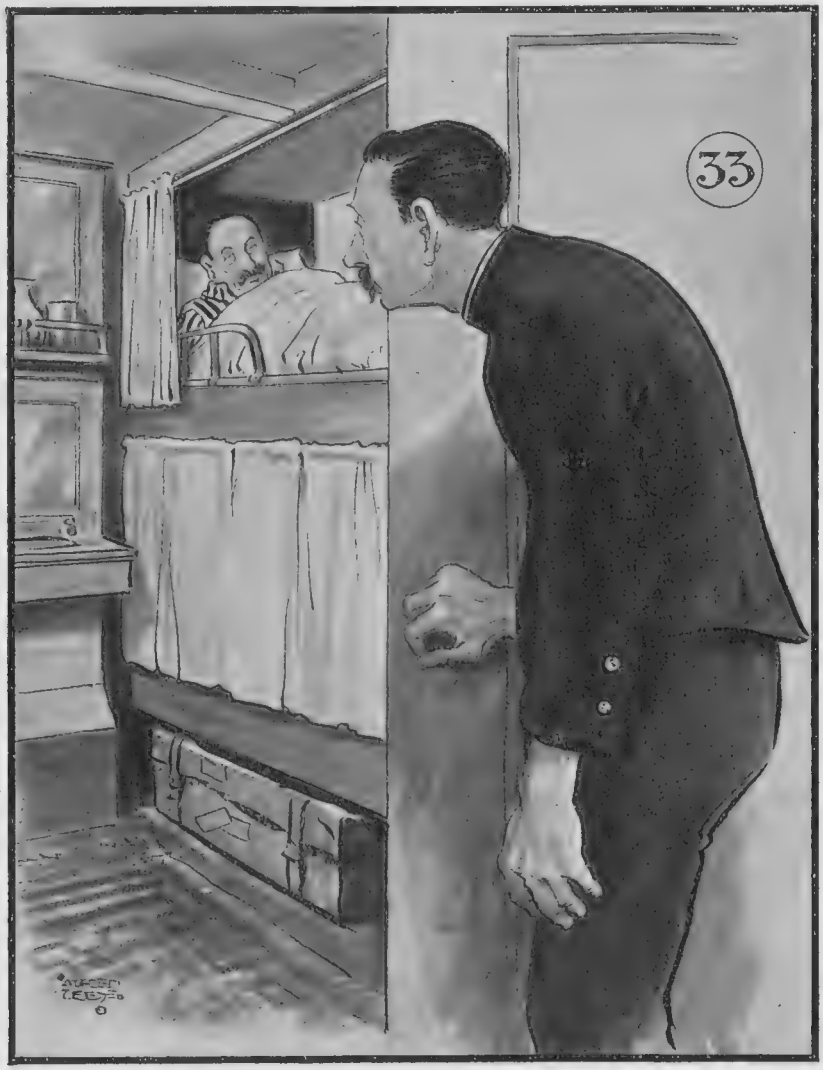
The superior attitude, indeed, adopted by America towards the belligerent nations is not a little irritating. Ninety per cent. of her population are in sympathy with the Allies, but nevertheless they think us very rude and rough and daily thank God and the President that they know how to behave themselves. Quite the most popular song of the moment is a fatuous ditty in which Satan reproves his son for wanting to leave hell and visit the world.

"Way up above they say that I'm a Devil and I'm bad;
Kings up there are bigger Devils than your dad;
They're breaking the hearts of mothers,
Making butchers out of brothers—
You'll find more hell up there than there is down below."

This plausible effort is cheered to the echo every night by enormous audiences. It most emphatically represents the real feeling of America. A cosy hammock in the shade under Wilson is contrasted with a place in the sun under Roosevelt, much to the latter's disadvantage.

But that the United States may yet have to invoke the Monroe Doctrine is patent to every thoughtful American. Despite the assurances of Dernburg—(how broken and beaten and weary this bitterly disappointed man looked when I saw him at the Ritz-Carlton!)—every intelligent American, who knows his Germany, knows also that Germany has set her heart on a foothold in the American Continent. The real cause of the war was Germany's need for expansion. It will be remembered that she would not pledge herself to England to leave the French colonies untouched. But the French colonies were doubtless forgotten when England entered the war. Then the prospect of a much finer prize floated before German eyes! Canada! Raw material! The possibility of competing with the United States on equal terms! What that means to an industrious nation like Germany can only be imagined by those who have noticed the dominance of German tradesmen in most great American cities.

If Germany wins—or if Germany has the better of England when terms are discussed—Canada is the price that the British will be asked to pay. This is perfectly well-known at Washington, and it explains to the full the frantic attempts that have been made by German



[Our contributor informs us that on his homeward voyage his steward each morning brought him the wireless news, and that the following is reproduced from life]

"Mornin', Sir, the Alleys is at Yppers an' yer bath's ready"

agents to win American sympathies. The Dernburg gang are not out for money. The German reserves are too enormous for any worry on that score for a couple of years to come. Moreover, if money is wanted from America, it would be perfectly simple for Germany to raise it from German-American financiers and wealthy children of the Fatherland resident in the United States. There would be no necessity to persuade the Vanderbilts or the Morgans. There is quite enough cold German cash in New York to keep a German war of expansion going for years without begging a single dollar from an American. No! Dernburg wants the States for Germany because Dernburg hopes and believes that Canada is to become a German colony. He has had his orders, and he knows the reasons for his orders. The Monroe Doctrine made Dernburg necessary. The Monroe Doctrine is responsible for the fierce anti-British campaign now being conducted wherever a slice of bread can be used to seduce the morals of an unemployed rat.

A German Canada! That is the dream of the bankers of Berlin. The thoughtful American, as I say, knows it—and for that reason, if for no other, he watches the battle for Calais with aching eyes. "My God! If you don't win!" he says. We understand each other. The Germans in England! The Germans dictating terms! Canada theirs! What could the United States do?

The answer is a sad one—and America thinks there to be one only. The United States would have to grin and bear it. She has no army worthy of the name. Invocation of the Monroe Doctrine and resistance to a German invasion of Canada would bring upon her what has already fallen upon Belgium. American men—and her best are in her army—will be shot down by German mitrailleuses. American women will be insulted; American children will be mutilated and murdered. American cities will burn, and a nation of noble promise will be dragged from its high place on the ladder of civilisation and flung to the earth to begin again.

America thinks this—that part of America that dares to think. And she watches the battle line in real anxiety. If England is beaten, then shall the United States be humbled. If humble pie is scorned, the fate of Belgium is unavoidable.

What has Dernburg been told to do? At all costs he must win American sympathy for Germany, so that when the claim for Canada comes the citizens of the United States will approve of the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine. It must be felt that the British have deserved their fate and that the pure in heart should possess the land. He has the job of persuading the United States that Germany would be a desirable neighbour.

He has failed. All the world recognises that. Woodrow Wilson knows what militarism in Canada would mean, even if a German occupation were permitted. Every financier in New York knows what a tax for army purposes such an event would involve. No. There will be no German Canada—*without a German Pan-America.* God help the United States if the British Empire falls. B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

NEXT WEEK:

THE AMERICAN PRO-GERMAN, AND THE REASONS FOR THE FAITH THAT IS IN HIM

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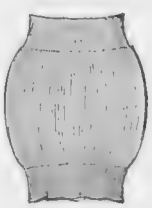

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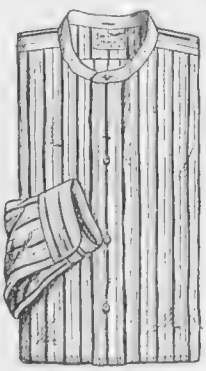

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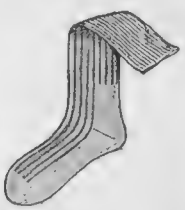

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Yuletide Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THERE seems a fair chance that Christmas entertainments in London will be more or less on their normal scale. In spite of the silly stories issued from Berlin that life and gaiety in that panic-stricken city are going on as usual, it is safe to say that of all the capitals of the belligerent nations, London has the most liberally patronised public entertainments at the moment. There is a possibility that between now and Christmas our over-watchful authorities may feel justified in relaxing the rules for darkening the Metropolis out of all reason, for fear of a Zeppelin raid. Count Zeppelin is a man of business who draws his capital from the German Government and the German peoples, and, if only to retain the confidence of his shareholders, he has got to keep up the amusing fiction that he is shortly about to turn the scale of the war with his unnavigable airships. But one would hardly have thought that a great commercial nation like ourselves would have been deluded by such a transparent trick of trade.

An entertainment that is likely to be very liberally supported during the coming holiday season is Sir Herbert Tree's production of the First Part of King Henry IV. In spite of the fact that Shakespeare is, according to our friend the foe, now a naturalised German, no embargo seems to have been placed by the authorities on productions of his plays in this country on the ground that they come under the law forbidding trading with the enemy. Perhaps, however, our authorities are loyal Baconians, and consider that in annexing Shakespeare the Germans are, as usual, on the wrong track. The production at His Majesty's is not only full of allusions that are positively topical (so true is it that history repeats itself), but Sir Herbert Tree, who is very happily suited with the part of Falstaff, has contrived to make himself up as an ideal Father Christmas of the rosy kind that is frequently to be seen on advertisement hoardings at this time of the year. But the supreme importance of the production lies in its vivid reconstitution of the atmosphere of the field of glory. There is a good deal of spirited fighting, and there is much in the sterner portions of the play to inspire the proper military ardour essential to the present noisy times.

A particularly appropriate entertainment for the season is the new Revue at the Hippodrome, entitled *Business as Usual*. As the war is the topic of the hour it is only natural that this Revue should deal liberally with the "far-flung battle line." There is, to begin with, a pretty scene from the fair land of France under the contaminating shadow of the War Lord of Europe. The revue is full of patriotic songs and scenes, and the humorous element is well looked after. Mr. Morris Harvey, for instance, gets a lot of delightful fun out of Special Constables, whose job is, however,

(Continued on page 294)

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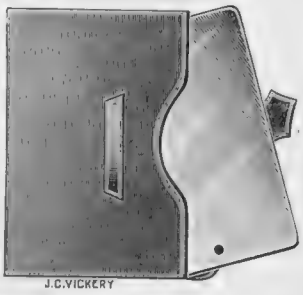

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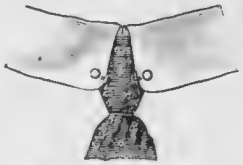

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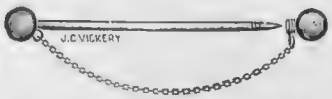

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The production of the First Part of King Henry IV. at His Majesty's Theatre affords Sir Herbert Tree a great opportunity for rich humour, of which he takes full advantage. His "Falstaff" is one of the best that have been seen

(Continued from page 290)

not so amusing as he seems to fancy; while Mr. Harry Tate, in his pathetic efforts to realise the defensive possibilities of an Englishman's home, is gloriously funny. Miss Unity Moore, with her attendant chorus, is the life and soul of the piece. Whether she is singing as a pert newsboy, or as the delightful "Mary of Tipperary" she rightly arouses the enthusiasm of the house. An excellent detail is the reproduction, in the form of *tableaux*, of cartoons from *Punch*, one of the well-known contributors to which illuminating periodical is also part author of this Revue. *Business as Usual* will surely fill the Hippodrome during the Christmas holidays, and for a good while afterwards.

A new production which for many reasons merits generous support is *Ce Bon Monsieur Zoetebeek* at the Criterion Theatre. To begin with it is played by a company of Belgian artists who are working for the benefit of their expatriated people; but outside this rightful claim on our sympathy there is the merit of the play itself. Monsieur Zoetebeek, the hero of the farce, is a green and simple person who gets landed into all kinds of ridiculous situations, and his frantic endeavours to extricate himself from them give rise to quite uproarious mirth. Whether you want to show your sympathy with the Belgians or whether you want only a hearty laugh, you should pay a visit to the Criterion just now.

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"Hello! Here we are again"

There is a fair prospect of an average pantomime season in London this year, especially as the wiseacres who are given to read the signs of the times between the lines have hinted to us that the German Army may decide for State reasons to spend Christmas at home. We are promised an up-to-date revival of the Drury Lane pantomime, *The Sleeping Beauty Re-awakened*, if only for the sake of the children, who must be given the happiness that makes for health. The usual harlequinade may, perhaps, suffer by the active competition of a world-famous performer who having made a rather thin show as Attila and Napoleon may have greater success as our old friend Joey. For all I know to the contrary, this august person may fancy himself as a humorist—indeed, the terms of peace which it is alleged he is about to propose would seem amply to justify any claim he might wish to make in that direction. JINGLE

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Patent Ganesh Chin Strap removes double chins, restores lost contours, and takes away lines running from nose to mouth. 21/6 and 25/6.

Ganesh Eastern Oil is the best skin food and muscle producer in the world. Will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and give back life and elasticity to the skin. 5/6, 10/6, 30/6.

Ganesh Diable Skin Tonic closes the pores, strengthens and whitens the skin, and enables it to withstand change of temperature. Also a splendid wash for the eyes, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, 21/6.

Ganesh Eastern Lily Lotion, made in three colours, is a liquid powder, perfectly safe, and a great skin beautifier, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6.

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FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS A REDUCTION OF 10 PER CENT. WILL BE MADE OFF ALL PREPARATIONS.

Advice Free. Write for Book.

"Let's Pretend we're Children"

THE KEYNOTE OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

BY "EFEMERA"

WE all speak of the Christmas season and the Christmas spirit as though they were as much a part of the immutable scheme of things as death, birth, and marriage. I daresay we are right. Each year brings its invariable crop of Christmas cards, Christmas boxes, and Christmas numbers, not to mention Christmas dinners, trees, and pantomimes. Who, in the presence of all this evidence, would venture to deny the existence of old Father Christmas?

And yet what has become of that jolly old fellow with his nose like a cherry, his reindeer, his "little round belly that shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly"? In these days we are all for elegant slimness, discreet restraint. The original Santa Claus has become a trifle too gross and hearty for our modern canons of good taste.

We keep up the old tradition because traditions have a way of imposing themselves whether we like them or no, and because it is the thing to do. While we groan at them we pretend to enjoy the noisy family gatherings, the Christmas dinners, at which we over-eat ourselves, the expense of giving more than we can afford. Why? "Everybody's doing it" is the only adequate answer. Also, we love our game of pretence. We are inured to shams. We could not imagine life without them—they save us so much trouble at the moment, even if they cause more in the end.

It used to be that those who could not afford ermine, sealskin, and Russian sable contented themselves unblushingly with rabbit, and made the best of it. We still make the best of it, but in a different way. The humble muskrat has taken the place of seal, and we are grateful for mink and pointed sepia fox—and we go a step further. Our rabbit is now "seal-dyed coney." What kolinsky may be when it runs about, presumably on four feet, I do not pretend to know, but under its high-sounding name we find it a quite acceptable substitute for sable. We make a brave show of cotton-backed velvet and machine-made lace. We remodel and repaint our ancient car to make it as much like a new Rolls-Royce as possible. Our modest thousand a year is strained to the limit to achieve the effect of our neighbour's five, ten, or twenty thousand. If we cannot have the best we imitate it, and are miserably happy at our ostrich game.

Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MISS GWEN WILLIAMS

Who is playing in the provinces, and will shortly appear in London, as the Empress Josephine in "Napoleon and Josephine," by Ange Goldemar, adapted from the French by Gordon Smith

The same with Christmas. If we lack the old-fashioned whole-hearted jollity of Yule-log, holly, and boar's head, the voracious appetite undaunted by any pie or pudding, the lavishness which gave in order that others too should make merry, we do our best, we set up a wonderful dyed cotton-woof near Christmas and pat ourselves complacently on the back. Our generosity is on the sound commercial principle of *do ut des*. We distribute amazing gifts, often considerably beyond our means, in the pleasant expectation of a full return. How great the disappointment of Mrs. A, on receiving from Mrs. B, in exchange for an expensive and useless clock, nothing better than a waste-paper basket or a Christmas card. Who would ever have thought Mrs. B. so stingy? . . . We wear ourselves out in frantic and foolish shopping, in marshalling sophisticated children to pantomime and party. The family gathering breeds *migraine* and dissension, the Christmas dinner an attack of dyspepsia, and we hail the end of the holiday season with a sigh of relief and the complaint that Christmas is no longer what it used to be. Thank goodness, it is over! Unfortunately, it is not: the

THE
BYSTANDER
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No. 573.—Vol. XLIV. Wednesday, November 25, 1914 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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To be SOLD by AUCTION at The Mart, E.C. (in 1 or 2 lots), on DECEMBER 1 next (unless previously disposed of).—Solicitors, Messrs. CONSTANT and CONSTANT, 3, East India Avenue, E.C. Full particulars of the Auctioneers, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Pied-à-terre by the sea.

8, WEST HILL, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

Charming FREEHOLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE, high up, but well sheltered from north, close to sea front, pier, gardens, and stations, and golf course. FINE LOUNGE (23ft. 6in. by 18ft. 6in.), overlooking sea. 3 other reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Small sequestered garden. With possession.

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10 minutes from station with express service.

FOR SALE, Freehold, a picturesque FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE, said to be about 200 years old, in about 2 acres shady grounds, with tennis lawn and paddock; hall, 2 good reception rooms, bathroom, 7 bedrooms and offices, 2 staircases; site for garage or stabling; GAS; CO.'s WATER; MAIN DRAINAGE. Near church, post and telegraph office; Catholic church 1 mile.

PARTICULARLY SUITABLE FOR WEEK-END PURPOSES.

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TO BE LET OR SOLD.

HAMPSHIRE.

IN A FAVOURITE PART AMIDST PRETTY COUNTRY.

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ACETYLENE GAS. TELEPHONE.

SEPTIC TANK DRAINAGE.

Station 1 mile. Village ½ mile.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PRICE WITH 40 ACRES £2,800.

RENT £120 PER ANNUM.

SUSSEX.

TO BE SOLD OR LET.—This COUNTRY RESIDENCE and about 40 acres, occupying high position, and including some excellent meadow and fruit land: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling and farm buildings. About 27 acres well-watered meadows, and 12 acres fruit plantation. Station, etc., 1 mile.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PRICE, £2,000.

SOMERSETSHIRE MANOR HOUSE to be SOLD.—TUDOR RESIDENCE and 7 acres, with much oak panelling and several beamed ceilings. The picturesque House comprises: old dining hall, 3 reception rooms, oak staircase, 7 bedrooms. Stabling and garage. 4 cottages. Old-world grounds, meadows, and stream—in all about 7 ACRES.—Apply, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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TO BE LET, FURNISHED, with shooting over 2,000 acres.

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PINE DISTRICT. SANDY SOIL.
ON THE EDGE OF 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR WINTER OR LONGER, OR WOULD BE SOLD.

AN OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, built of brick with tiled roof and having every modern convenience, including electric light, central heating, and Company's water; 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; garage; grounds of about 2 acres, with tennis court, etc.; excellent golfing facilities.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,792)

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ON ASHDOWN FOREST.
Over 400ft. above sea level.

TO BE SOLD, this thoroughly well-built HOUSE, with stone mullioned windows, looking right across the golf course and surrounded by the Forest. The House contains: front and inner halls, large central sitting room with oak beams and gallery, drawing room, dining room, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, ample offices with servants' hall; lighted by petrol gas; telephone installed; good water supply. The grounds, which are unusually attractive, include rose gardens and pergola, 2 lawns, orchard and kitchen gardens, 3 fields, 2 cottages, farm buildings, garage, in all 5¼ acres. Forest rights of pasture and litter go with the Property.—Sole Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,834)

40 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.

£1,850 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque gabled RESIDENCE, weather tiled and partly covered in creepers, standing fairly high with South aspect; 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light, main water; 2 stalls, heated garage; 2 acres of pleasure grounds, including croquet and tennis lawns, fish-pond, orchard, etc.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (5,849)

CHILTERN HILLS. 40 minutes from Town.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, or Furnished, this delightfully situated RESIDENCE, standing in a well-timbered park, nearly 500ft. above sea level, on gravel soil, and commanding glorious views over the surrounding country. It has a South aspect, and is approached by drive 600 yards long, with 2 lodges: lounge, 3 reception rooms, billiard, 15 bedrooms, 2 baths, servants' hall, etc.; electric light and telephone; stabling for 7, garage; charming pleasure grounds, including 2 tennis courts, pergola, croquet lawns, and summer-house, etc.; hunting and golf. —KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 2,144)

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CLOSE TO HUNTERCOMBE GOLF LINKS.

TO BE SOLD, or might be LET, Furnished, an old-world RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, surrounded by orchard and meadowland; entrance hall, dining and drawing rooms, with beamed ceilings, 8 bedrooms and bathroom; Company's water; stabling for 2, coach-house; pretty garden with lawn and rustic rosery, pergolas, orchard and fruit gardens, etc. The House would be sold with 3, 7, or 20 acres.—Further particulars of Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,006)

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WITH 4½ ACRES OF GROUND.

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BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

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PRICE, £3,250.

TO LOVERS OF GARDENS.

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Charming old Residence. 300 years old. Full of oak.

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Price, £2,150. Bargain.

Inspected and strongly recommended. Full set of photos.

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A CHARMING AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE. — Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 10 bedrooms; hot-water radiators, petrol gas; good stabling, motor garage.

LOVELY OLD GROUNDS WITH ORNAMENTAL LAKE;

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QUITE A SHOW PLACE.
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Or would be LET, beautifully furnished, for the winter months, at £5 a week.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.

SUSSEX (convenient for the coast and only 1¾ hours from town).—Choice little RESIDENTIAL ESTATE. PICTURESQUE OLD RESIDENCE, containing old oak panelling, etc., lounge hall, 3 reception, 2 bath, and 7 bedrooms; charming grounds, with tennis court, 1½ acres of woodland, and excellent well-timbered pasture-land,

50 ACRES. PRICE, £3,500.

2 cottages, large motor garage; excellent buildings; golf.

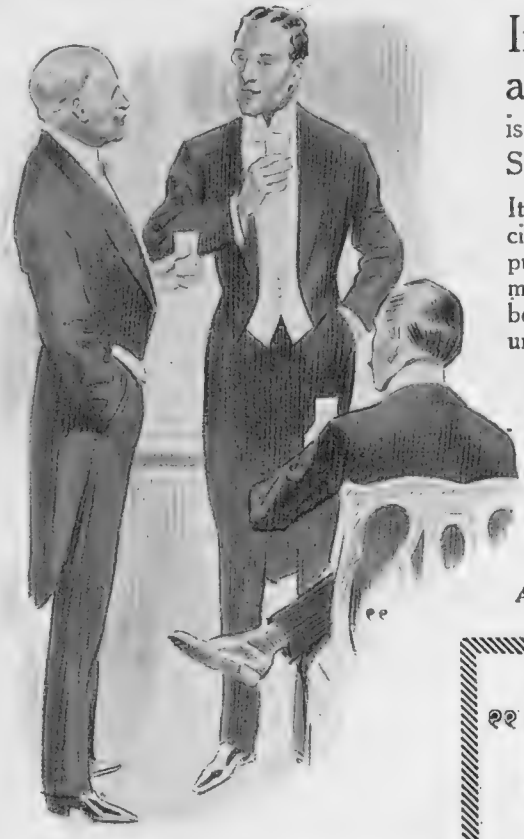
DEVON.—Glorious situation near the coast, commanding most beautiful views.

THE ABOVE GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE contains 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception, lounge hall, excellent offices, etc.; gas; gravel soil; modern drainage; beautiful pleasure grounds; tennis lawns; orchard, and about

23 acres of pasture-land. Fishing, bathing, shooting, golf, hunting.

Excellent stabling and garage with rooms over.

PRICE £4,750, FREEHOLD.



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It immediately appeals to the man who appreciates a fully matured whisky of absolute purity. Of great age, it possesses a delicate mellow flavour that pleases the palate and because of its absolute purity it has no unpleasant after-effects.

Those who seek a tonic beverage of the highest standard will find it in "IONA," combining as it does characteristic quality with distinctive flavour.

"IONA" can be obtained from your wine and spirit merchant. If he hasn't it in stock he can get it for you.

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Established 1820.

"IONA"
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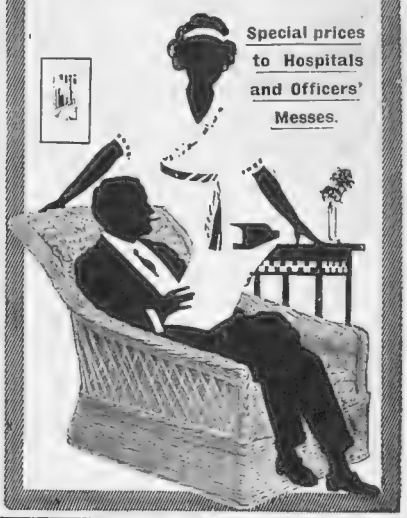

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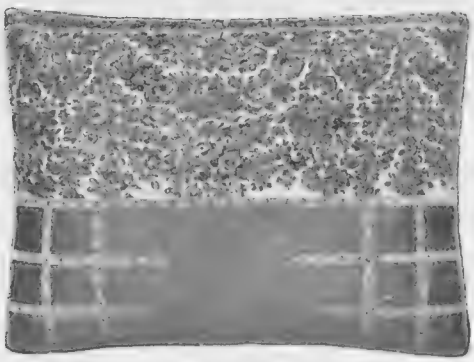

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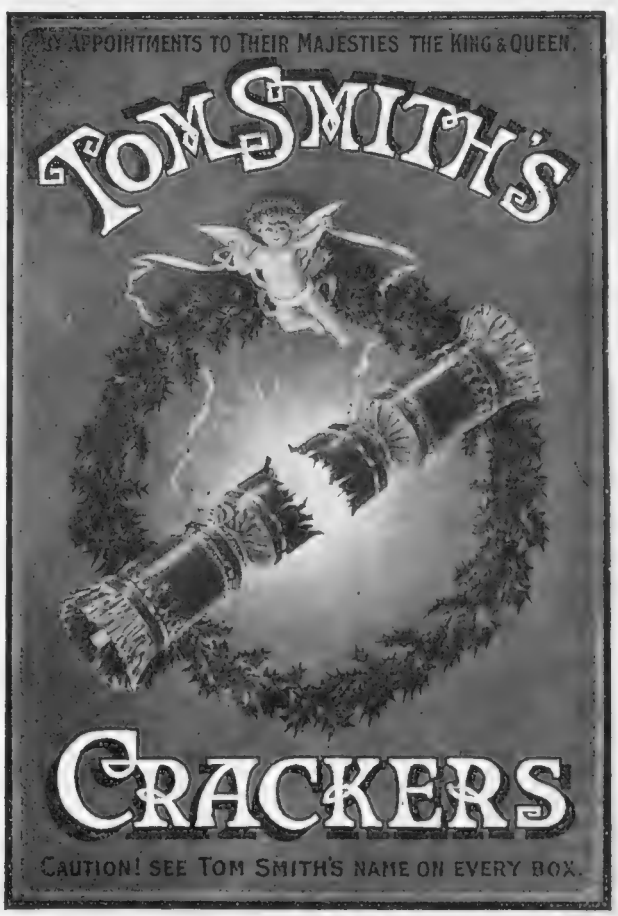

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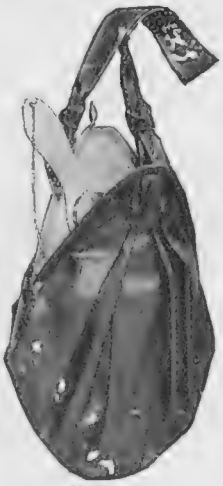

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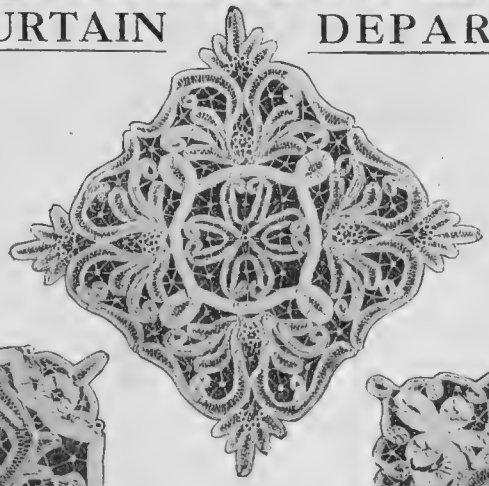

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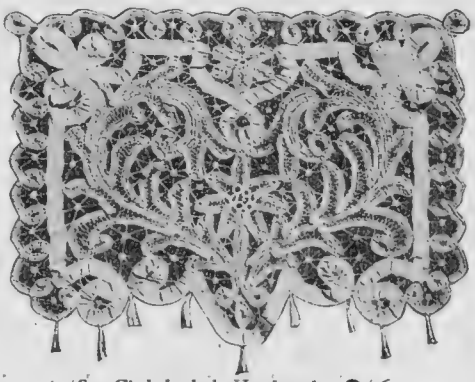

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Younger daughter of the late Mr. Frederic W. Phillips, of High Elms, Hitchen, Herts, who is to be married to Mr. W. J. St. Clair on November 25.

MR. WILLIAM JOHN ST. CLAIR

Elder son of Mr. Gardner St. Clair, of Edinburgh, who is to be married to Miss Frida Phillips, in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on November 25.

We are all of us children at heart in one way or another, and the return of Christmas awakes the child within us. We like to play at being young again, and because we are ashamed of so respectable a longing we dress it up in all the platitudes of tradition and custom. We make an excuse of the children in our midst to grovel on the floor at hunt-the-slipper, to scorch our fingers in the snap-dragon bowl, and we *are* happy. In spite of our sophisticated selves we try to pretend that dinner or supper in a fashionable restaurant is Christmas cheer, and if we find it empty we have but ourselves to blame. The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of childhood, of simplicity—make-believe as much as you please, but not deliberate sham. . . . And it has nothing whatever to do with either expenditure or social rivalry.

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MAYZONE

THE FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

Will restore your hair to its natural condition.

MAYZONE as a substitute for Eau de Cologne should be used in the sick room. It is cool and refreshing, and does not make the hair grey, but on the contrary invigorates it to new growth.

In bottles (oily and non-oily), post free, **2/9** and **4/10**

MAYZONE DE LUXE

AN ULTRA REFINED PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.

This excellent hair tonic and restorative is based on the old recipe, but contains several new and expensive ingredients.

In bottles (oily and non-oily), large size, **7/6.**

"MAYZONE" Co., ROCK FERRY, CHESHIRE.

LONDON DEPOT: 48, BROOK STREET, W.

FOLKESTONE PRIZE-WINNER EXPLAINS BEAUTY SECRETS

Never Before Revealed, but now told below for the benefit of "Bystander" Readers.

Once a plain-looking typist, she is now a famous actress. How women may easily make themselves appear 10 to 20 years younger, correct complexion or other defects, and

ACQUIRE A MARVELLOUSLY MAGNETIC PERSONALITY.

A list of all the facial blemishes and other physical shortcomings with which Mlle. Mareix was formerly afflicted would appal most women, and she was once refused situations at even a few shillings a week. Yet she was afterwards able to win both the Paris and Folkestone International Beauty Contests. Any woman should be able to make herself appear many years younger and wonderfully increase her powers of personal magnetism and attractiveness by following the common-sense advice given below. Mlle. Mareix tells how to remove wrinkles, sagging skin and double chin, also how to obtain a marvellous youthful complexion, develop the bust and form, grow a luxuriant head of hair, rid oneself of dark rings under the eyes, and correct numerous other blemishes.

By MLLE. SIMONE MAREIX.

Before explaining how I was able to correct my various facial blemishes and other defects, I wish to make it perfectly clear to all readers of this article that I have no preparations of any kind to sell, nor am I financially interested in the sale of any products. In the first place, I frankly do not believe in patent "wrinkle eradicators," nor in any other secret and so-called mysterious or magical lotions, plasters, or other "discoveries." I am actively engaged in following my profession as an actress, and have no wish to derive profit from selling toilet or other products, however good they may be, nor have I the necessary time to engage regularly in the business of teaching other women how to gain the beauty and personal magnetism which has meant so much to me. I am anxious to assist other women to the full extent of my ability, however, and at the request of numerous acquaintances, who are for ever besieging me with questions, I have decided to dictate and have printed for free distribution a full account of just what I did in my own case to attain results of which my photographs furnish better evidence than anything I can say here.

These photographs show Mlle. Mareix before and after she had removed her numerous facial and other defects as explained in this article.

The average woman will need, in following my instructions, only ordinary everyday toilet necessities, such as she, no doubt, already has on her dressing-table. The important point is that few women outside of the theatrical profession appear to know just how to use toilet products properly under all conditions. Consequently, they sometimes do more harm than good, and the bad results are often difficult to account for. The instructions I speak of above comprise 27 pages, which I have had printed in clear type similar to typewriting, and while my supply of about 1,000 copies lasts I shall be pleased to send the complete course (not simply a prospectus telling about it) to any woman reader of THE BYSTANDER sufficiently interested to send me 6d. to cover actual cost of postage, printing, and my other out-of-pocket expenses. There is absolutely no further charge for it, and no obligation of any kind involved in sending for same. I shall also give free individual advice to any holder of the course on receipt of a letter mentioning special conditions of a particular case. If my supply of instructions is exhausted when any application is received the 6d. will be returned immediately, and it will also be returned if any applicant is not fully satisfied with the course. Letters should be addressed to Mlle. Simone Mareix (Suite 14), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and marked "Personal."

NOTE.—Readers who write to Mlle. Mareix for special individual advice are requested to have all letters brief as possible for her time is greatly limited.

DYEING AND FRENCH CLEANING
BY THE
GARDNER PROCESS.

WM. GARDNER & CO., LTD.,
Dept. B Y., PAISLEY.

BLOUSES from 1/3.
DRESSES from 3/6.
Gent's Suits Cleaned & Pressed, 4/6. CARRIAGE PAID ONE WAY.

The Lure of the New Fashions

BY MRS. JACK MAY

La Mode Irrésistible

IN this the Christmas Number of THE BYSTANDER I am going to allow myself the luxury of writing of dress at its latest, frankly, as though the war were non-existent. Under happier auspices one may safely assume that long ere this the fashion world would have been in an almost unprecedented *furore*. For practically without any warning a big plunge has been made which has brought us willy-nilly within an ace of the crinoline. Some say that it will come yet. But I think not. At the most, a *baleine* of sorts may be introduced in the hem of skirts. Personally, I think even so slight a support would be an error, the salient charm of the present expression of the wide skirt lying in the heavy folds in which the hem falls when the wearer is in repose, and the wonderful and surprising swing that comes about with the slightest movement, as witness the sketch of a skating dress on page xviii.

The Plain Close-Fitting Corsage

Opinions are still divided as to where exactly the waist line shall be, though all are unanimous that it shall find definite expression. The low-banded full-skirted coat we all know—perchance we shall shortly be forced to add—too well. Then a strictly normal position is affected, and anon we find a waist just a trifle on the high side. With the plain-fitted bodice, buttoning as of yore up centre front, this slightly raised waist adds a distinctive note of *chic*, as also does the manner of putting in the sleeves at a long, but not a dropping shoulder line, details very ably expressed in our sketch.

A Skating Dress

You may take it from me this is as representative a model as could possibly be desired, and yet observe how entirely exempt it is from any trace of exaggeration. The scheme is carried out in grey-green Duvetyn, trimmed skunk-dyed opossum, with a little self-toned braid used as a binding to basque and pockets, while the hat is of *tête de nègre* velvet, merely relieved by a small coquettish bow of dull gold *galon*. Although unquestionably carrying a certain resemblance to 1860 modes, the design is yet invested with a note of modernity that at once places it above captious criticism.

Fur Throat-Fitments

Special note may be made of the close collar-band of fur, for it is likely to become an obsession. Moreover, it is one of several economies we are privileged to enjoy—at a moment when we can well do with them. These modest throat-fitments are frequently supplied in lieu of the more important stoles, and are often to

ENTER FOR

Beauty & Health

Mme. ELVIRA'S SALONS,

4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.

If you are a sufferer from Obesity, having a double chin, large waist, large abdomen, large bust, flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age, write or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when Madame Elvira will tell you how to remedy these unsightly blemishes.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR A DOUBLE CHIN.

Madame Elvira guarantees to take away a double chin and that ugly droop at the corner of the mouth, and to restore the contour of face and figure, without drugs, exercising, or dieting.

TO LOOK YOUNG IS TO FEEL YOUNG.

It is especially necessary to attend to one's personal appearance during this time of anxiety and worry. Madame Elvira has therefore—during the next three months—reduced her fees considerably, so that those desiring to avail themselves of her treatment may be able to do so. Madame Elvira's treatment is medically approved, and many of her clients testify to the benefit their health has derived from her method.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. *Tel.: 6017 Victoria.*

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 & 4/6.

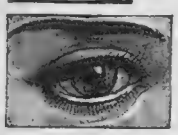
Trial Bottle. 6d.
SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.
Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

"It worked Like a Charm" writes a clergyman who had suffered for fifty years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Exterminated by
RATS 'LIVERPOOL' VIRUS
without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready prepared with the bait. Virus for Rats 2/6 and 6/-; for Mice, 1/6. Of all Chemists. *Write for particulars to—*
EVANS, SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd.,
56 G, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

Hinde's
Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.
Hair Wavers.

For
Beautiful Eyes
Use
"Cyclax"

Braceme and "Cyclax" Eyelash Tonic.

Do you remember that delightful song: "Dear Little Girl, don't cry"? Nothing ages a face more quickly than grief or worry. Keep a brave heart therefore, and don't give way to tears. You can help your country better by smiling than by weeping.

And don't forget—

that "Cyclax" Braceme (price 4/-) is a delightful lotion for bracing up the subcutaneous tissues and muscles round the eyes, thus removing lines, wrinkles, and "sagging," due to anxiety or illness. If you wish to keep your face young, you must not let the eyes grow old; therefore tone up the skin round the eyes with this marvellous tonic. It may also be used for the rest of the face when the skin is loose and relaxed.

To enhance the beauty of the eyes take care of the eyelashes. "Cyclax" Eyelash Tonic (price 4/6) will develop their growth and deepen the colour by natural means. It has never been known to fail and can be used with the greatest confidence.

Send at once for Mrs. Hemming's valuable and celebrated Book on "THE CULTIVATION AND PRESERVATION OF NATURAL BEAUTY," *gratis and post free.*

The "Cyclax" Co. 58, S. Molton St., London, W.

"Cyclax" Preparations are also to be obtained at Selfridge's and at Harrods.

"THE GRAPHIC" CHRISTMAS NUMBER
NOW ON SALE. PRICE ONE SHILLING.
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Post Free 1s. 4d. From THE PUBLISHER, TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

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24-28, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

Estd. 1845.
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE EFFECTED.

be found under the category of *composé* sets, effected in an alliance of velvet and fur, gauged chiffon and fur, and such like. A particularly charm ng fancy usually carried out in a close black fur is surmounted by a high flaring ruffle of black *tulle*, and is one of several indications that point to the demise of the *lingerie* touch. A sombre halo about the face comes as a refreshing change, but time alone will show how far it is appreciated. Fortunately the season selected for the début is thoroughly appropriate. At the same time, to be added to the list of die-hards will be the *décolleté* throat.

"Spiky" Millinery

One has only to stand for a few moments before any well-equipped millinery window to realise that "spikiness" is the predominant feature. The actual hat or toque itself may be as cosy and close-fitting as possible, but something amazing will be added either to its height or its width by sharply pointed elongated wings, attenuated quills, or spiky bows. Of course there is *line* in such treatment, bold effective *line*, and the general impression one gets is of great *chic*.

The military note in millinery is hardly worth a moment's consideration. The Tipperary cap, as was prophesied, is now safely secure in the appreciation of the populace. They are heartily welcome to it, while it would take, I am disposed to think, a brave woman to exploit, in England, a toque entitled the "Kaiser." A terrible affair this, silhouetting the famed Uhlan's helmet of velvet set within a border of metal braid, and completed by a chin strap. It is impossible to believe that any milliner—out of Germany—could expect such a flagrant piece of headgear to "go." And yet the model has been seen over here. Apart from the *bonnet de Police*, and that requires to be accepted with reservations, we may be safely advised to turn our attention to more feminine millinery, and let our martial ardour expend itself in some other direction.

REPRESENTATIVE MODEL FOR A SKATING DRESS

Expressing the mode of the moment, and carried out in grey-green Duvetyn trimmed with fur, with hat of tête-de-nègre velvet, relieved by a small bow of dull gold galon

Drawn by Dorothy Millar

"The Regent"
FLOWER BOWL

A CHARMING XMAS GIFT.

"The Regent" is a Crystal Flower Bowl, 8in. in diameter, with ruby scroll in relief, and broad gold band on either side, on chased lacquered brass stand, with double wire cover.

Price 8/9 Complete.

Box and postage for country, 1/- extra. Cash refunded if Flower Bowl is not approved on receipt.

Our large Stock of China and Glass—both Useful and Ornamental—offers hundreds of suggestions for Christmas Presents. A visit to our Spacious Showrooms is cordially invited.

ALFRED B. PEARCE & Co.
ONLY ADDRESS 39 LUDGATE HILL LONDON E.C. ESTABLISHED 1760

D. H. EVANS. & Co LTD
Oxford St London W.

PRACTICAL SHIRT FOR MORNING WEAR
IN "VIYELLA" OR "SPUNGOLA" SILK

No. 2 BB.

PRACTICAL SHIRT, in Coloured Stripe Viyella, with Yoke back and front, fitted smart Rever Collar and hand-made buttonholes. Sizes 13 to 15. Price 8/9

Same Design in our Registered British Washing Silk "Spungola." Price 12/9

Illustrated List of Xmas Present and Toy Bazaar Post Free.

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FURS

The "Lady" says: "One feels convinced that they can shop with the greatest confidence at Messrs. Zerdin's."

THE BLACK FOX SET

illustrated is an example of our incomparable value. It consists of a large two skin Stole, made of good quality skins, with heads and brushes, and a two skin Muff lined silk, and finished natural brushes heads and paws, only

12 GNS.

THE SET.

Fashionable animal shaped Fox Tie, with large Muff

From 3 Gns.

THE SET.

Furs remodelled and renovated inexpensively and quickly. Write to-day for Catalogue and Fur Guide. "The Bystander" says: "The whole and complete truth of furriery in general is to be found in Zerdin's Fur Guide."

It will be sent free to all intending purchasers of Furs

ZERDIN & Co 357 Oxford St. W.
RUSSIAN FURRIERS Phone: 4327 Mayfair

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EVANS' PASTILLES

Immediately soothe the throat and allay irritation

Of all Chemists, in 1/- Boxes.
Sole Manufacturers:—
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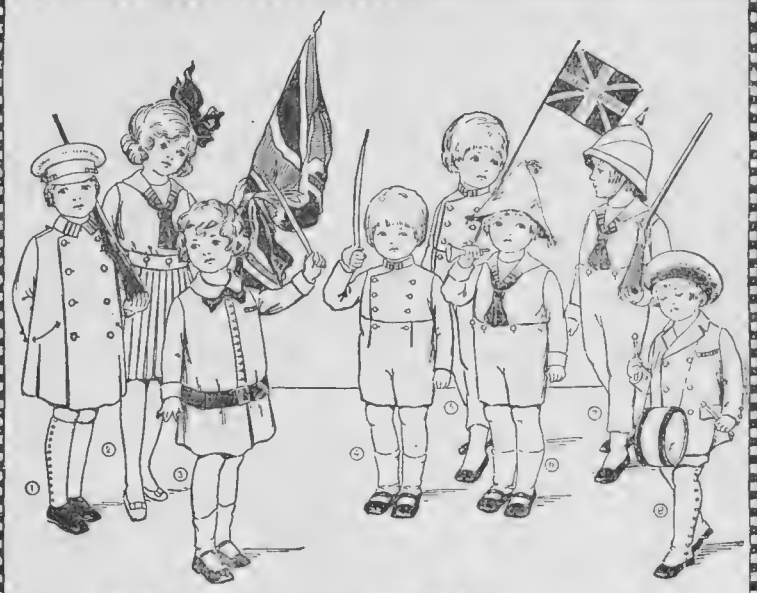
LIVERPOOL and LONDON.



Modes au Militaire

CHARMINGLY conceived adaptations of Military and Naval Dresses for Girls and Boys, in fine Navy Serges, hand embroidered with silk bars in Allies' National colours. Each garment is beautifully tailored in excellent taste, and is suitable alike for dressy or ordinary occasions.

PRICES :—

Figure 1.	"Patrol" Coat, silk lined		50/-
,, 2.	"Dingwall" Suit		50/-
,, 3.	"The Tipperary Tunic" (Medal Ribbons on Pocket) ...	...	45/-
,, 4.	"The Guards' Suit" (Knickers) ...	...	42/-
,, 5.	"The Guards' Suit" (Trousers) ...	...	45/-
,, 6.	"The Trumpeter Suit"	...	42/-
,, 7.	"The Simla Suit"...	...	45/-
,, 8.	"The British Warm" silk lined ...	...	42/-

These prices are quoted for average children of six years.

ROWE

The Children's Shop,
106, New Bond Street, W.

The Finest English Make

CHAPPELL PIANOS

CANNOT BE EXCELLED

For their Exquisite Tone, Responsive Touch, Remarkable Singing Quality, and Lasting Durability.

Chappell Grand & Upright Player-Pianos.

"The Player-Piano of the Present and of the Future."

A personal inspection of these beautiful instruments is invited or particulars and Art Catalogue will be forwarded post free upon application.

CHAPPELL'S PIANO AND PLAYER-PIANO GALLERIES,
50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
Agents in All the Principal Towns.
MELBOURNE. TORONTO. NEW YORK.

Motoring in these Days

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Using and Abusing "British"

IN this time of strict testing, when every other man has a microscope of magnitude for the examination of his neighbour and all are most earnestly concerned to establish a standing with the British, the question of what is and what is not a British article, crops up quite naturally. It has cropped up in connection with the motor-car, and on the night of the writing of these notes there is met together the Motor Trades Debating Society for the purpose of dissecting the use and abuse of the term British. Unfortunately I must whet my pencil before the M.T.D.S. is through its dinner and on to its muttons, so that I cannot here have the advantage of its oratory; but unless I am very much astray in my forecast, I doubt the deliberations of the Society will get us much forrarder—except in the direction of the compromise hereinafter referred to.

* * *

The Inevitable Compromise

Authority has asserted that something like 50 per cent. of some of our most British cars comes in a manufactured or unmanufactured form from non-British sources—not a small proportion from Germany. On the other hand, and at the other extreme, a large part of the construction and material in one of the most aggressively foreign cars is definitely British. Between these two cases are infinite gradations. Where shall we draw the line? If 50 per cent. of some British cars is foreign, and 50 per cent. of some foreign cars is British, we have as pretty a problem for solution as the ancient conundrum of the probable result of irresistible force meeting an immovable object ever provided. We have sadly to conclude that, as the well-spring of the British car is neither pure nor undefiled, we must, after all, make a compromise with sin and our consciences. We shall have to be content if something over 50 per cent. of capital, labour, materials, and the tools of production is British, with a special preference for those firms who are closest to maximum in all four departments. It would be quite a bright idea for those who were definitely on the safe side, to publish their percentages, under the different heads, on the covers of their catalogues.

Photograph *Underwood*

THE HAPPY DESPATCH-RIDER

"Slim," speedy, mobile, and always cheery, the motor cyclist at the front is an asset of specially large value. Two in the illustration are just off with despatches. The London motor-bus in the background gives a homely touch to things

* * *

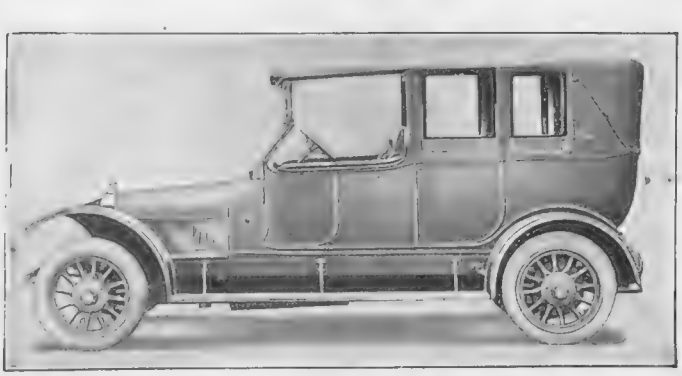
A Police Protest

The Honourable Arthur Stanley, Chairman of the Royal Automobile Society, writes, quoting from the letter from the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, upon the subject of the increase of fatal accidents caused by motor traffic in the County of London. I dealt with that letter a few weeks ago,

SUNBEAM

Cars for Immediate Delivery

1915 MODELS:
16 h.p. four-cyl.
20 h.p. four-cyl.
30 h.p. six-cyl.



¶ The approach of winter suggests to many motorists the purchase of an enclosed type of car. We have a number of 16 h.p. 4-cylinder Sunbeam Chassis fitted with smart Landaulet and Cabriolet Bodies in stock ready for immediate delivery. Write for prices and full particulars.

The SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd., Wolverhampton. Manchester: 112, DEANSGATE.

Agent for London and District: J. Keele Ltd. 72, New Bond Street, W.

SERVICE DRESS ORDERS to measure in 24 HOURS

ACCURACY & FIT GUARANTEED.

Field Service JACKET from 55/-
BREECHES ,, 25/-
OVERCOAT ,, 84/-
RAINCOAT ,, 57/6
PUTTEES ,, 6/6
LEGGINGS ,, 25/-

PATTERNS POST FREE

Unequalled Value Fit. and Style.

MUFTI SUITS & OVERCOATS In Great Variety from **63/-** (As sold elsewhere from 4 & 5 Gns.)

PATTERNS POST FREE

Only Maker of 'HALLZONE' Ideal 'GOLD MEDAL'

21/- RIDING BREECHES (Exact Materials as sold elsewhere fm 2&3 Gns.)

We specialise on Cut & Fit of Dress, Morning & Hunting Suits. Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.

HARRY HALL

"THE" COAT & BREECHES SPECIALIST,

207, Oxford St., W. 149, Cheapside, E.C.

VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS, BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order and fit same day.

THINGS OF THE PAST !!

UNSIGHTLY HIGH BOOTS ABOLISHED

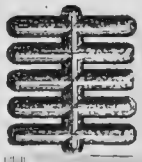
Appliances supplied to the War Office, Principal Hospitals, etc.

Pamphlet FREE to all mentioning 'Bystander.' Send particulars of your case. Address:

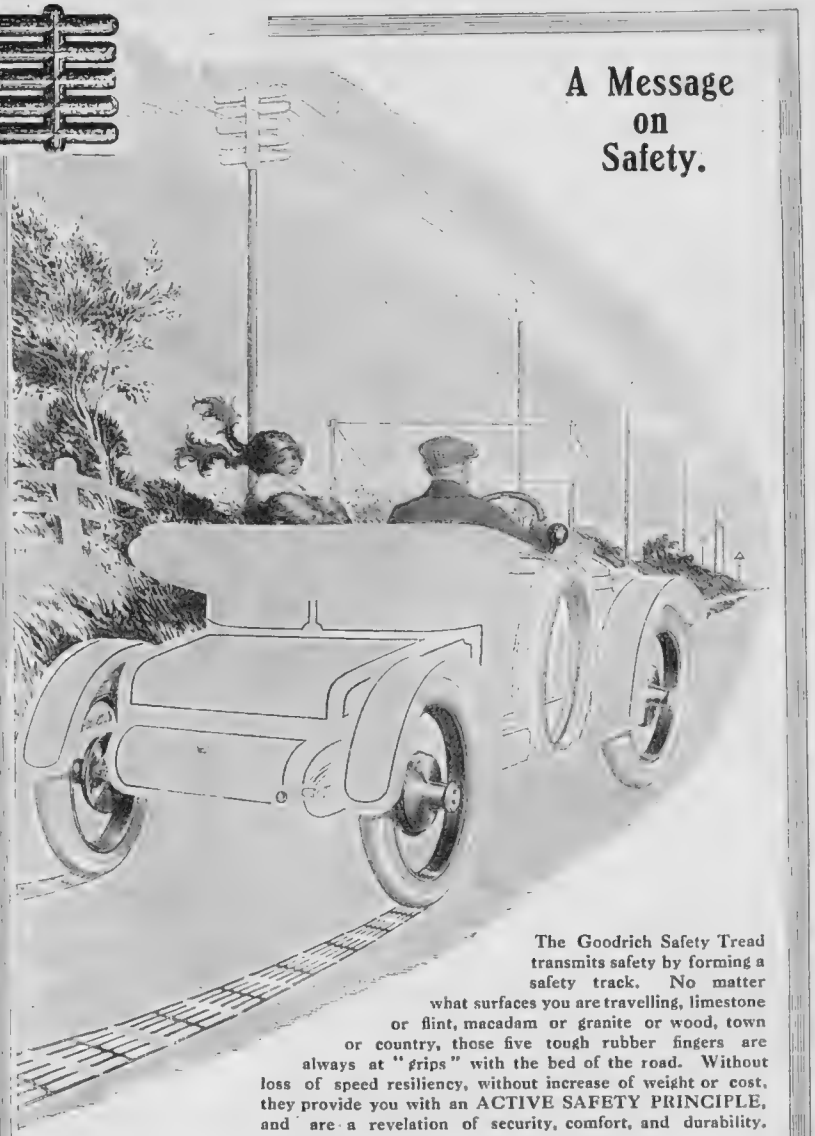
THE O'CONNOR EXTENSION CO.,

Surgical Boot Specialists,

(Booklet B), 2, BLOOMSBURY ST., LONDON, W.C.



A Message on Safety.



The Goodrich Safety Tread transmits safety by forming a safety track. No matter what surfaces you are travelling, limestone or flint, macadam or granite or wood, town or country, those five tough rubber fingers are always at "grips" with the bed of the road. Without loss of speed resiliency, without increase of weight or cost, they provide you with an ACTIVE SAFETY PRINCIPLE, and are a revelation of security, comfort, and durability.

The tough rubber fingers of the Safety Tread take hold on the first symptom of a skid. They get right down to the bed of the road and *grip*. They make the brake effective because they stop the skid before it starts. The car is compelled to obey the will of the man at the wheel.

GOODRICH TYRES

Manufactured by The B.F. GOODRICH CO., Ltd., Golden Lane, London, E.C.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING

GREAT ADVANCE WITH ORDINARY PETROL

Spensers' famous "Silverlite" Model fitted with their "Duplex" Carburettor gives wonderful results.

A 40-light installation for a running cost of 1/- per week!

A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners with Automatic Lighting Switch render the system perfect.

SPENSERS, The Pioneers of Petrol Gas Lighting, have fitted up several thousand installations, and in addition have adapted over 100 plants of other makes to their system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent. per annum.

Write now for booklet and particulars.

SPENSERS Ltd. 53 "B," Sth. Molton St., London, W., and 119, George St., Edinburgh.

Foreign Agents: MOFFAT-VIRTUE, Ltd., 352, Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W. ANDERSONS, Ltd., Christchurch, N.Z.

particularly that part of it relating to the efficacy of police-traps. This part of the letter is quoted in full by the Chairman of the R.A.C. and reads thus — "The contention has often been advanced that the timing controls are unnecessary for the protection of the public, and are merely vexatious. The record of endanger the public and embarrass the authorities."

***

R.A.C. Stultification

I agree that if this grave charge can be established, that section of motor-car drivers should be dealt with in a way to make them exceeding sorry. I doubt not that such a section

THE NAPIER AMBULANCE

One of a number supplied to the Red Cross Society. Of 16-22 h.p., superbly suspended for the comfortable transport of the wounded, these cars will carry four stretchers or, without stretchers, will accommodate ten or twelve men sitting on the padded side seats.

fatalities seems to dispose of this contention, and the controls have accordingly been re-established." The letter goes on to express surprise and regret that "a section of motor-car drivers should have seized the occasion of a national emergency to exists, just as other criminal sections exist in every other department of activity; but right away I challenge the statement that timing controls have anything whatever to do with the matter, and I will submit that, of the accidents which have occurred, not even a negligible percentage can fairly be associated with a desire "to endanger the public and embarrass the authorities." If unwittingly that is done it is a matter for deep regret and, in special cases, for strong action. But let us be fair. Doubtless any number of those accidents could only have been avoided by the absence of the car from the road altogether. Doubtless another number have been caused by those who drove hard in the service of the King. The Royal Automobile Club, however, "desires to state strongly that it *entirely* concurs with the views expressed by the Commissioner," and thereby once again entirely stultifies itself; because, as a matter of fact, the Club does *not* concur with the views of the Commissioner in the matter of police-traps, and it does *not* concur with an unqualified reference to a malignant "section," holding that section to be small.

***

"Shell" Life-Buoys

Luckily for the crew of H.M.S. *Hermes*, there were large numbers of empty Shell Spirit cans aboard. When the torpedo struck her it scattered the cans all over the place, and these helped to keep afloat many of our men who otherwise might have gone under. And that's a fact.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

Arrol - Johnston Cars

THE New Arrol-Johnston's are very remarkable examples of the additional value secured with a car built by a firm of experience and repute.

15·9 h.p.

Fitted with 4-cyl. engine, 4-seater body, dynamo electric lighting set, detachable wheels, 760 by 90 grooved Dunlop tyres, spare wheel and tyre, horn, wind-screen, and complete kit of tools.

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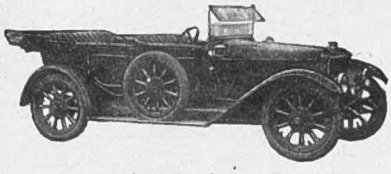

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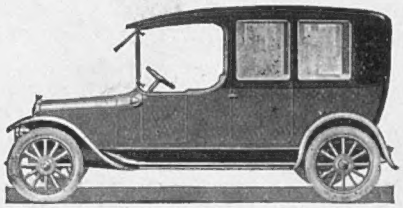

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The Menu: Some Novel Chestnut Dishes

Chestnut Soup
Chestnut Forcemeat
Chestnut Salad
Compôte of Chestnuts
Chestnut Notion
Novel Dessert Dish

Chestnut Soup

Boil 1 lb. of large chestnuts for twenty minutes. After having taken off the outsides and skins, put them in a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Add a little salt and a piece of lemon-rind. When quite soft rub through a sieve. Then pour over the pulped chestnuts two quarts of veal or chicken broth, half a teacupful of cream, and one tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour. Stir this well together, boil it up, and serve very hot. This makes sufficient soup for eight people.

Chestnut Forcemeat

Roast and peel about 1 lb. of chestnuts, and put them in a saucepan with some good veal gravy or white stock. Let them boil in this till they are soft, then drain off the gravy, and when they are cold, mince them fine. Take a tablespoonful of grated ham, some white pepper, a little grated lemon-peel, a pinch of cayenne, and four tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. Mix well together, adding the chestnuts, and moistening the whole with the beaten yolks of two eggs and 2 oz. of butter.

Chestnut Salad

Put about twenty-four chestnuts in the oven, and cook them until the shell and skin can be easily removed; put into a stewpan, and cover with stock. Add an onion, and boil until the nuts are quite tender. When cooked, let them get cold. Cut a head of celery into strips, chop up the chestnuts, and mix with celery in a salad-bowl. Season with salt and pepper, and pour over some mayonnaise sauce. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and tomato or beetroot.

Compôte of Chestnuts

Remove the outer skin of some chestnuts, and put them in a saucepan of cold water. Bring to the boil, and then peel off the under-skin, being careful not to break the nuts. Make a syrup with half a pint of water, ½ lb. of castor sugar, a glass of sherry, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer the chestnuts in this for twenty minutes. Strain the syrup, pour it over the chestnuts, and serve hot or cold.

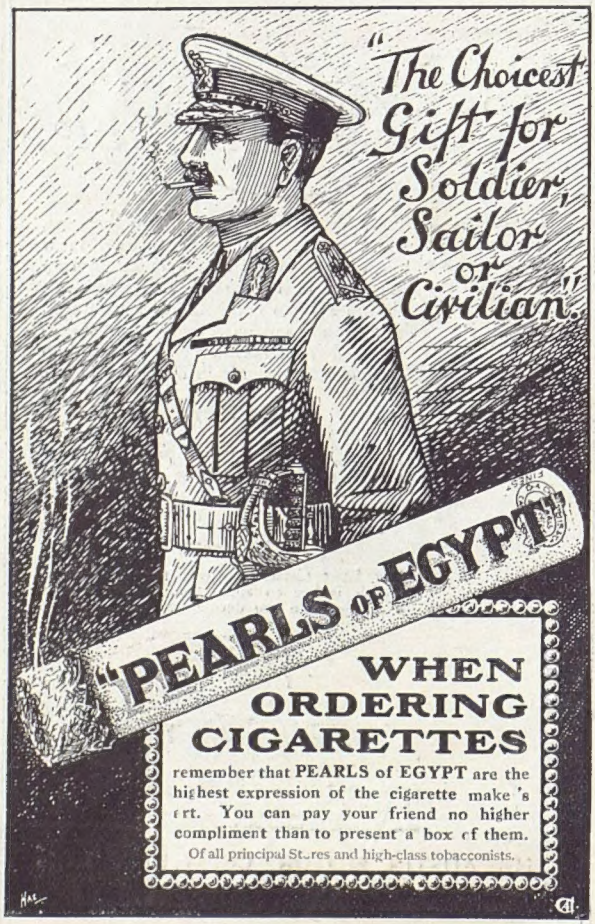
Chestnut Notion

Shell about twenty-five large chestnuts, boil them, and when done pound them into a paste, and stir into it 2 oz. of melted fresh butter, add some powdered sugar and some flavouring, either vanilla, almond, or liqueur; let this mixture cool, then press it through a sieve, and pile it high on a dish, and around and over it put some whipped cream.

Novel Dessert Dish

Roast three dozen large chestnuts; peel them, and put them into a stewpan; add 4 oz. of castor sugar and half a gill of water; cook slowly till the nuts absorb the sugar; then pile them up on a glass dish, squeeze over them the juice of a lemon, and dust rather thickly with castor sugar.

EMILIA



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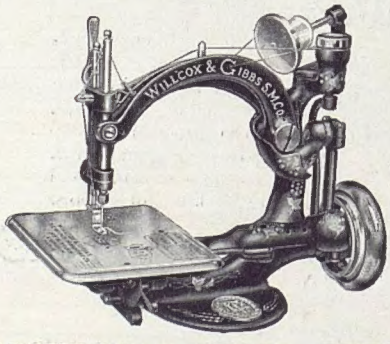

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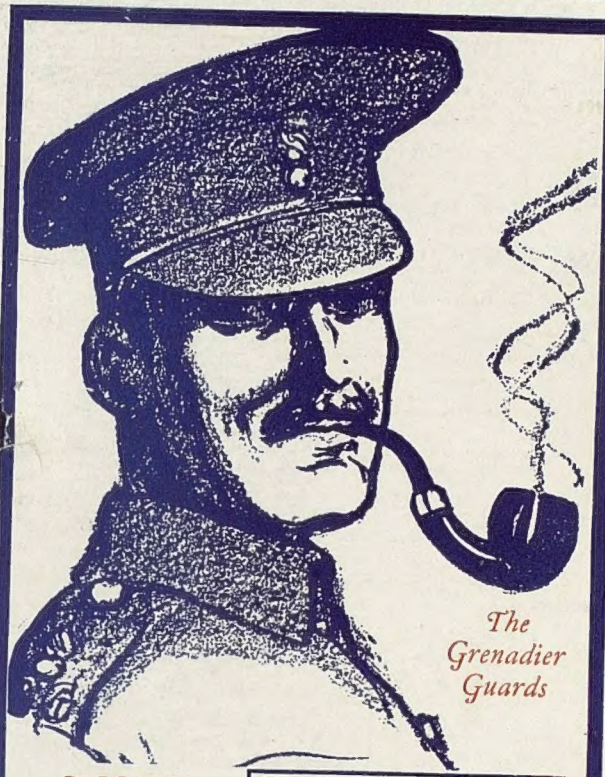

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Entered as second-class mail matter, at New York (N.Y.) Post Office.